



THE

Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 6 Sept. 1961



A PHOTOGRAPHER IN PARIS



By Appointment
To Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II
Wine Merchants
John Harvey & Sons Ltd.
Bristol



PHOTOGRAPHED BY IRVING PENN



The sherry and the ice bucket

Once upon a time, a young woman and her husband decided to give a party for their friends. When the day came, she made lots of the good things people like to eat at parties. Then she set out the glasses in sparkling rows, and, in pride of place, she put a big silver ice-bucket in which to cool the sherry.

The first guest to arrive was, of course, her mother,

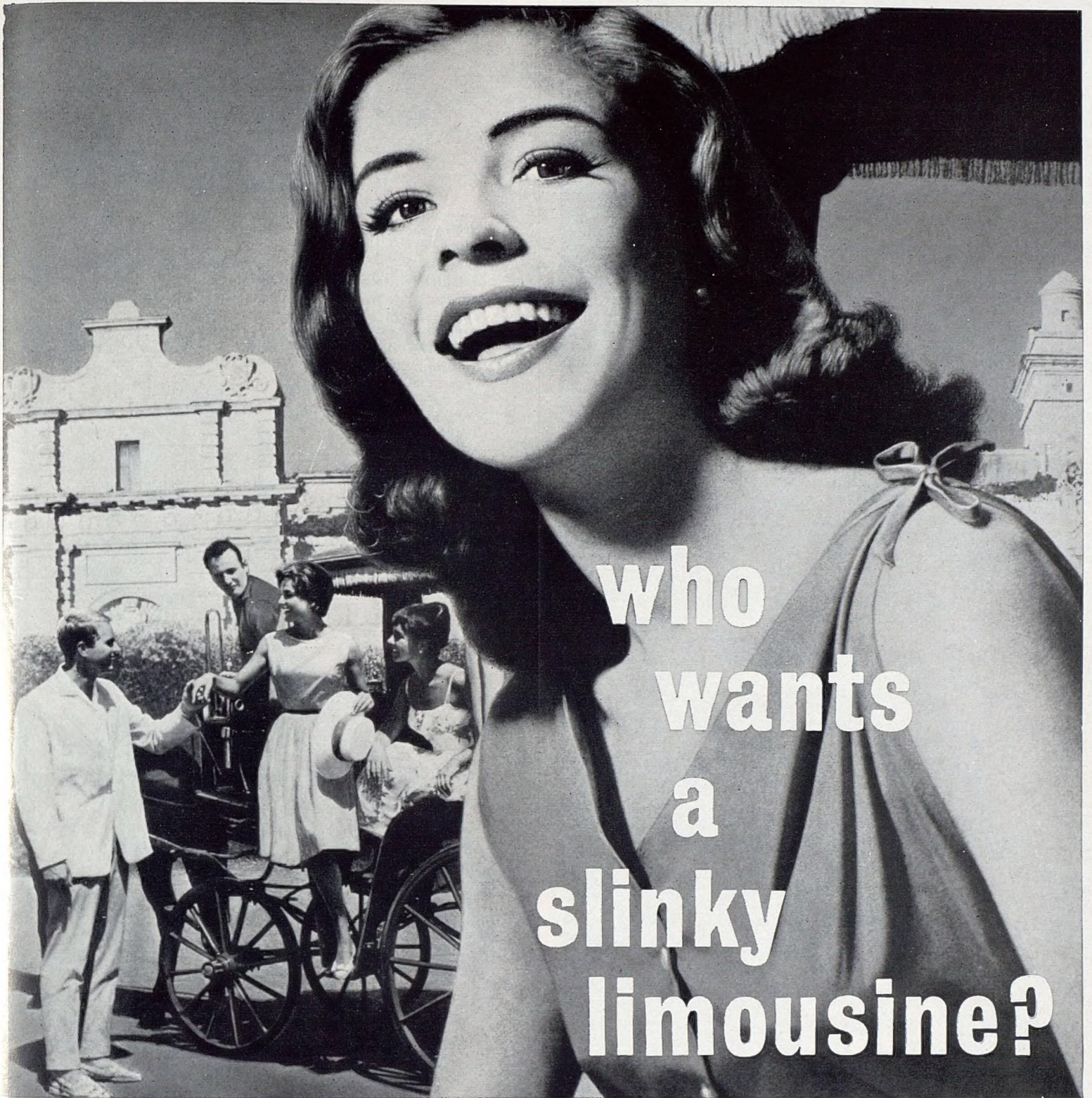
who glanced around as mothers do, and exclaimed, "Darling, you should *never ever* put sherry on ice. Oh dear, what *will* people think?"

The young couple were wise in their generation. Actually, their friends thought the chilled dry sherry with its hint of hidden warmth was simply wonderful.

Moral: when the sherry is chilled, the party isn't.

Harveys Bristol Dry 22/6

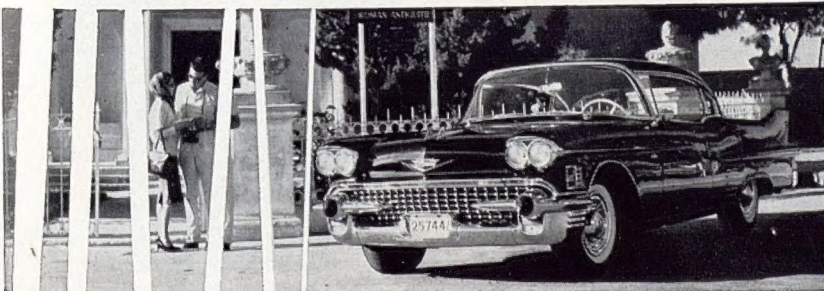
HARVEYS BRISTOL DRY



who
wants
a
slinky
limousine?

Malta

THE MEDITERRANEAN'S YOUNGEST RESORT



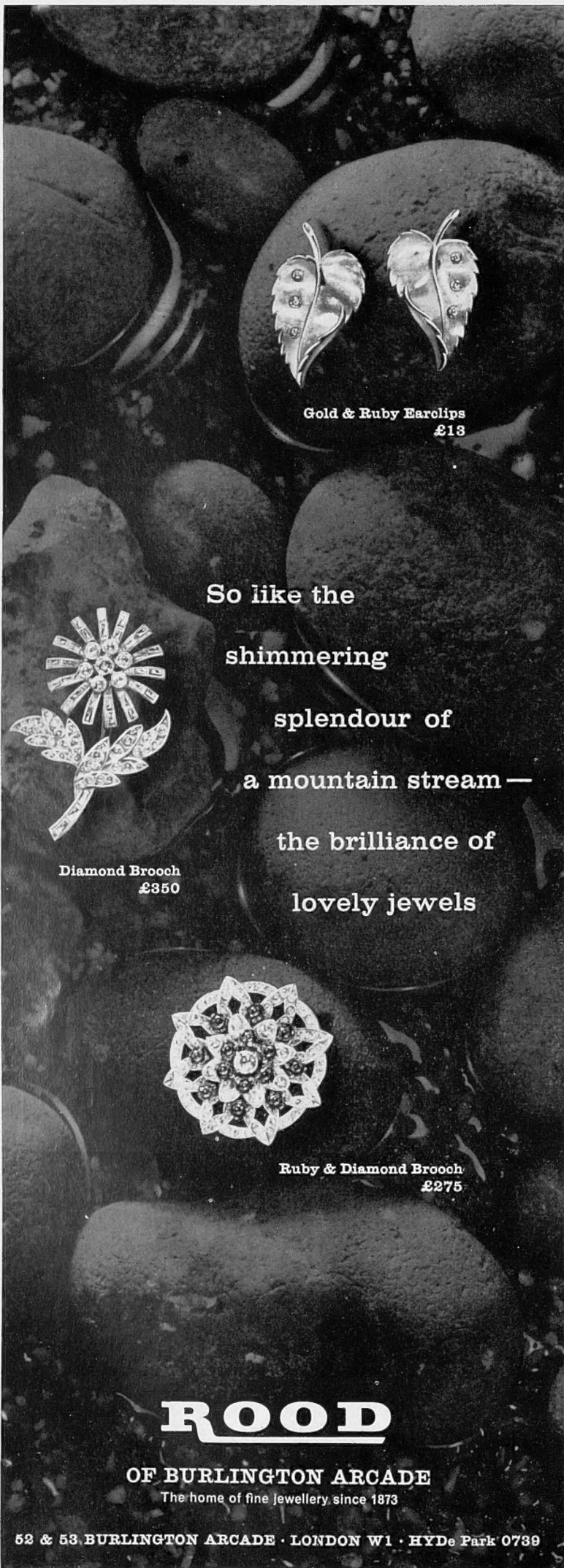
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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXLI Number 3132

6 SEPTEMBER 1961

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It's always useful to know where everybody is and if possible what they are doing—when it comes to publishing a magazine such information is pretty well essential. Hence editorial conferences and commissions for contributors to do this or that. Usually the plans work out reasonably well. As for instance this week with Muriel Bowen reporting from Yorkshire on a tight social schedule of outdoor events that includes racing at York, the Pony Club area trials at Ribston Hall, near Wetherby, and a shooting party on the moors. The next briefing was for Barry Swaebe who crossed to the Isle of Wight to photograph children on holiday at Bembridge (page 474). The fashion sequence was just as carefully planned. First the autumn collections in London, then Paris and finally Rome—the result this week: a six-page sequence of Italian couture clothes beginning on page 483. So far excellent and everything in its place. Which is a good thing or a bad—depending on the way you look at it. There can after all be too much of planning—governments fall into disrepute because of things like that. So when photographer John Cowan said he'd like to take his camera to Paris we just let him go without trying to tell him what pictures to take. His journey begins on the cover with the holiday girl perched on steps above the Seine and with absolutely no thoughts of jumping into it. Cowan's adventures are continued in *Photographer in Paris* (page 477) it being clearly understood that this is all his own work and that we accept no responsibility for any possible damage to the Entente Cordiale or difficulties with the Common Market. Next week back to planning with—positively—pictures from the Edinburgh Festival and a dance in an Ayrshire castle

The cover:



Paris perch on the steps of a Seine bridge for a girl whose holiday mood is emphasized by her outfit by Pucci. The shirt has a pink and blue scarf pattern on white and costs 17 gns., the bright pink trousers cost 14 gns. Both come from Woollands Sportswear Department. JOHN COWAN took the picture. For more from Paris turn to page 483

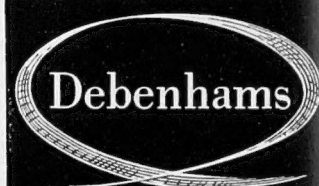


Paris
Point
of View
at

Jacques Griffe at

We chose this in Paris for Griffe's new draped scarf effect and the outstanding large check grey and white tweed by Lesur. Copied exactly by Debenhams in the original fabric and available towards the middle of September.

Photographed by Peter Clark specially for Debenhams on the Bateau Mouche in Paris, with the banks of the Seine as a fitting backdrop.



GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Aboyne Ball, tonight; First Skye Ball, 7 September; Second Skye Ball, 8 September; Lochaber Ball, 9 September; Northern Meeting Ball, Inverness, 13 September; Oban Ball, 14 September.

Royal Highland Gathering, Braemar, 7 September.

Rhinefield Polo Club Tournament, Rhinefield, Hants, to 8 September.

Pony Club Championships, Oakham, Rutland, 7 September.

St. Leger, Doncaster, 9 September.

Bicester & Warden Hill Horse Show, Tusmore Park, Oxon (by permission of Lord Bicester), 9 September. (Hon. Sec. Miss H. Monteith, Great Purston Manor, Brackley, Northants.)

Vine Hunter Trials, Quidhampton Farm, Overton, Basingstoke, 14 September. (Schedules: Mrs. Cross, Spriggs Mead, Monk Sherborne, Basingstoke, Hants.)

British Horse Society Trials, Burghley Park, Stamford, Lincs, 14-16 September.

Cottesmore Hunt Dance, at Holywell Hall, Stamford, in connection with the Trials, 15 September. (Tickets £8 ss., from Mrs. Tatlock Hubbard, Somerby House, Melton Mowbray. Tel: Somerby 331.)

Cambridge, Staff College, & R.M.A., Sandhurst, Horse Show, 23 September.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat racing: Doncaster, to 10; Lingfield, today and 7; Sandown, 8; Alexandra Park, 11; Wolverhampton, 11, 12; Yarmouth, 12-14; Brighton, Pontefract, 13, 14; Ayr (Western Meeting), 13-15 September.

Steeplechasing: Devon & Exeter, today & 7; Sedgefield, 9; Fontwell Park, 12.

CLICKET

Festivals: Hastings, Blackpool, to 8 September; Scarborough, to 15 September.

Australians v. Minor Counties, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 9 & 11 September; v. Scotland, Edinburgh, 12, 13 September; v. Ireland, Belfast, 15, 16 September.

GOLF

Burhill Family Foursomes, Walton-on-Thames, 12-15 September.

TENNIS

Junior Championships of Great Britain, Wimbledon, 11-16 September.

AVIATION

Farnborough Air Display, 8-10 September.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Iphigenie en Tauride* (Gluck), 14 September; *Fidelio*, 18 December. 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *La Fille Mal Gardée*, 13 September; *Lady & The Fool*, *Diversions*, *Jabez & The Devil*, 15 September, 7.30 p.m.

Royal Festival Hall. London's Festival Ballet. Birthday gala performance, 7 September; guest artist week to 9 September; *The Snow Maiden*, 11-16 September (end of season). 8 p.m., Sats., 5 p.m. & 8 p.m. (wat 3191.)

ART

Max Ernst, retrospective exhibition, 1917-1961, Tate Gallery, 7 September-15 October.

Artists Of Fame & Promise, Leicester Galleries, to 23 September.

EXHIBITIONS & FAIRS

Kensington Antiques Fair, Kensington Town Hall, to 7 September.

Book Production Exhibition, National Book League, Albermarle Street, W.1, to 30 September.

Handicrafts & "Do It Yourself" Exhibition, Olympia, to 16 September.

FESTIVALS

Edinburgh Festival, to 9 September.

Three Choirs Festival, Hereford, to 8 September.

Birmingham Festival, 9-23 September.

FIRST NIGHTS

Apollo Theatre. *The Fantasticks*, 7 September.

Theatre Royal, Stratford, E. *A Whistle In The Dark*, 11 September.

Oxford Playhouse. *Irene* (Ugo Betti), 11 September.

Royal Court Theatre. *August For The People*, 12 September.

Aldwych Theatre (Royal Shakespeare Company), *The Taming Of The Shrew*, 13 September.

Old Vic. *Dr. Faustus*, 14 September.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 492.

One For The Pot. "... laughter in its lowliest and most delirious form ... handled with unfailing professionalism ... assuredly in for a three or four years' run." Brian Rix, Leo Franklyn, Basil Lord. (Whitehall Theatre, WHI 6692.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 493.

Goodbye Again. "I delight in its glossy finish—it seems to me, from every angle, excellent entertainment." Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand, Anthony Perkins. (Leicester Square Theatre, WHI 5252.)



ROMANO CAGNONI

CHRISTOFOROU, London-born Greek painter, who is having an exhibition at Gallery One, has lived for the last four years in Paris, developing a new style of figurative art. He served with the R.A.F. during the war. He is seen here at the exhibition with his wife, who like him was born in Britain.

BRIGGS by Graham





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GOING PLACES LATE

More clubs for specialists

Douglas Sutherland

I WROTE RECENTLY ABOUT CLUBS THAT CATER SPECIALLY FOR BUSINESS and professional men who want to entertain in the more personalized atmosphere of their own club rather than in a public restaurant. This week I would like to draw attention to several other first-class clubs in London, outside the Pall Mall/St. James's Street bracket, that set out to serve sections of the community with particular interests and associations. A good example is the **Nineteenth Club** at 10 Old Burlington Street. This old-established club still retains an old-fashioned membership subscription of one guinea and, as its name suggests, draws the majority of its members from golfers who appreciate the therapeutic virtues of the nineteenth hole. Top names like Henry Longhurst and Douglas Bader belong and mix happily with others whose exploits on the links are perhaps not so formidable. I used to know the club well when Len Gullick ran it. He befriended me once when I rashly disclosed that I had once managed to ball off *backwards* from the first tee at Gleneagles. It says much for the broadmindedness of the members that, when the story became more widely known, I was not asked to resign.

This is strictly not a place for the golf bore though most of the members play. The club enters teams for competitions like the *Golf Illustrated* Vase as well as organizing several domestic events. Last April the club changed hands and it is now owned by Lucien Bouvier, who also owns Verreys in Regent Street, but the character of the place remains unchanged. Opening hours are from midday to 3 p.m. and from 6.30 until midnight. Food is of a high standard and the wine list is comprehensive and reasonable.

Another club with a deservedly flourishing membership list is the **Wooden Horse** in Hertford Street. This club started shortly after the war to provide a home from home for ex-prisoners-of-war. A few years back with the redevelopment of Hertford Street they merged with the **Ge Nineties** club over the road. This proved a happy arrangement which has resulted in both clubs living amicably side by side without

altogether losing their original identities. Club hours are 12 to 3.30 and 5.30 to 11. The subscription is three guineas and is well justified by the amenities.

Perhaps ex-Service personnel are better served with clubs than any other section of the community. Apart from the Naval & Military, the Cavalry, the R.A.F. Club and the like there are quite a few smaller clubs where old comrades in arms continue to meet. Like the **Pathfinders** in Mount Street which welcomes new members from serving officers in the R.A.F. and provides a useful and inexpensive place for members to stay or entertain when in London. There is, too, the well-known **Brevet Club** where men with flying interests gather together and which also provides accommodation. The **Steering Wheel** club (mentioned in previous articles) is in Brick Street, just off Park Lane, and is the haunt of racing motorists and car enthusiasts. John Morgan, who owns the club, has recently acquired the Headfort Place Hotel just behind Hyde Park Corner—a useful place to know even if you are not bitten with the motoring bug. Finally I am often asked to recommend a club with afternoon opening hours. Because there are so many deplorable clubs of this type in London does not mean that there are not many good ones. In Shepherd Market there are the **Maisonette** and the **Little House Club**, **The Swallow** in Stratton Street, **Tommy's** in Dover Street and the **Tree Trunk** in Albemarle Street to mention a few. All are old-established, well-run clubs with friendly members and fair prices.

Cabaret calendar

Talk of the Town (REG 5051)

Francis Faye still tops the bill. The Ten O'Clock Follies as usual

Pigalle (REG 6423) *Extravaganza,*

new spectacular show with George & Bert Bernard, Kim Darros and eight other acts

Winston's Club (REG 5411) *Danny*

La Rue's production, Old Time Music Hall

Savoy (TEM 4343) *Peiro Brothers,*

comedy act. Plus Marie de Vere & the Ballet Montmartre



Shirley Abicair strums her zither and sings at Quaglin's

GOING PLACES TO EAT

Where to feel cared for

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays. W.B. = Wise to book a table

Antoine's, 40 Charlotte Street, W.1. (MUS 2817.) Open Sundays, closed Saturdays. As in all the Wheeler establishments, you go there knowing that you will be well fed and looked after, and find a sound wine at a moderate price. (N.B. the white wine in carafe.) Fish is the speciality, including a long list of soles in attractive forms. Salads and vegetables rather disappointing, but otherwise almost full marks. The décor is pleasant, with Bernard Walsh's usual original touches. Allow half a guinea or a bit over for the main course. W.B.

La Surprise, 13/14 Knightsbridge Green. (KEN 0509.) C.S. Surprises? Yes, plenty. The tiled floors, tables with green marble tops, black napkins, Toulouse-Lautrec reproductions and bottle racks on the walls; on the tables bread in baskets and black olives of the highest quality; and on two large blackboards the *Plats du Jour*. The food is French, and first-class, the main course costing 10s. to 14s. I thought 5s. 6d. seemed a lot for a bowl of soup, good though it was, and 10s. for a piece of melon. The wine list contains some splendid château-bottled wines from 65s. downwards, also a special Rosé de Provence, a selected

Beaujolais at 17s. 6d. and sound carafe wines from 12s. 6d. to 17s. 6d. Coffee admirable, also service. W.B.

Oasis in Glos

Greenway Hotel, Shurdington, nr. Cheltenham. (Tel. Shurdington 352.) Many hotels claim to have the "genuine country-house atmosphere," comparatively few attain it. But the Greenway does, in full measure. The house is lovely, so is the garden, which is Mrs. V. A. Austen's labour of love. The splendid furniture is kept as it used to be in country houses 40 years ago. The cooking matches the hotel's other qualities in that it is good, plain and English, though Lobster Thermidor and Chicken Maryland are among its praised specialities. Prices are moderate—you can dine well for under £1. I could say a lot more in praise, but the best plan is to find out for yourself. W.B. well in advance for rooms.

... and a reminder

The Black Angus, 17 Great Newport Street. (TER. 5111.) Specializes in grills and Scotch meat. Restful atmosphere.

L'Epicure, 28 Frith Street, Shaftesbury Avenue end. (REG 2667.) Small and unpretentious, but quality cooking at a reasonable cost. W.B.

Walton Grill, 117 Walton Street,

Chelsea. C.S. (KNI 8602.) The bargain counter of Chez Luba, with lunch at 5s. 6d. and dinner at 7s. 6d.

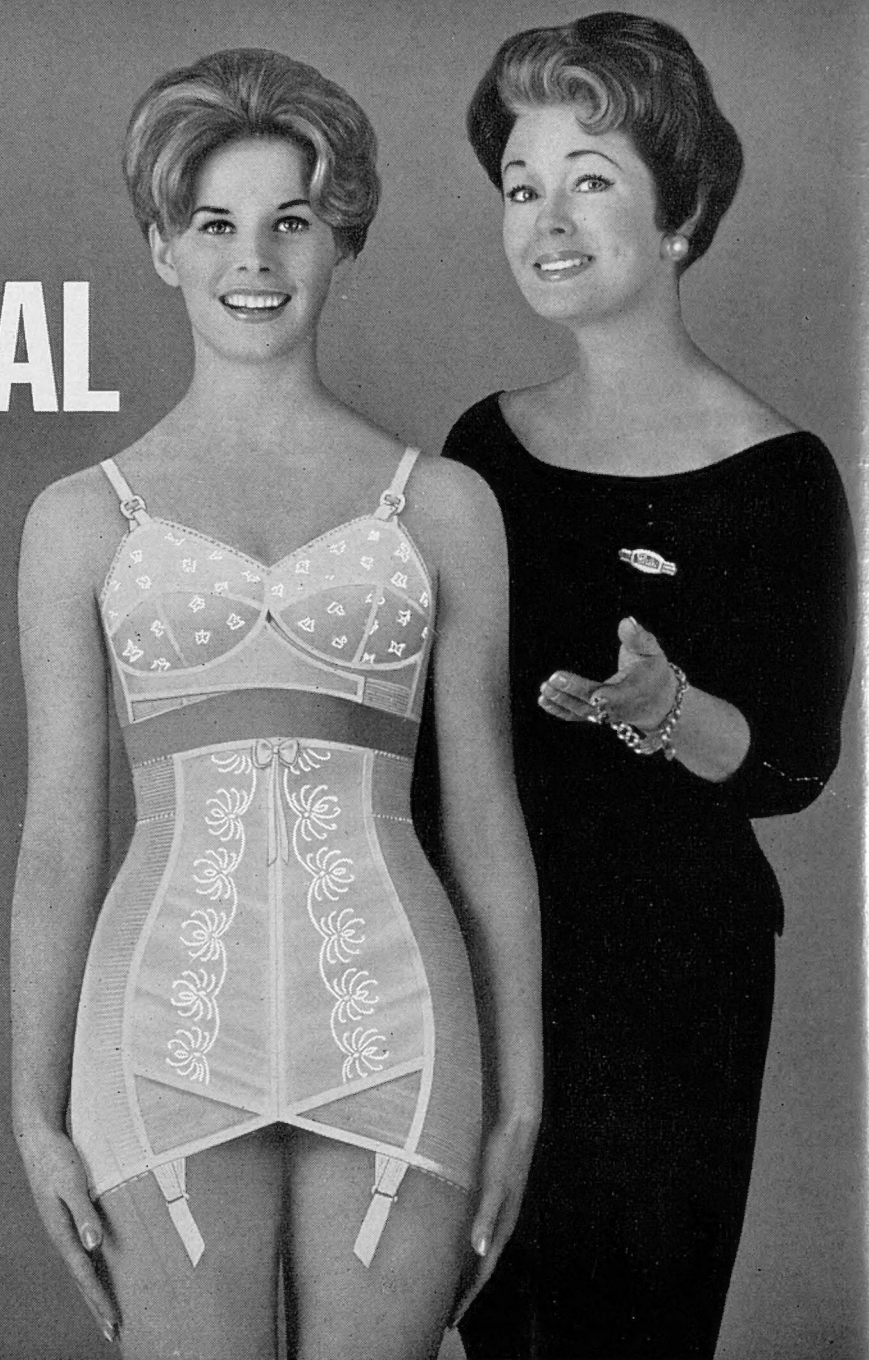
Great Northern Hotel, King's Cross Station. Should your trains compel you to stay in this part of London, this is a good place to go.

Luigi's. On the corner of Gerrard Street and Macclesfield Street, Small, modest, Italian and good cooking.

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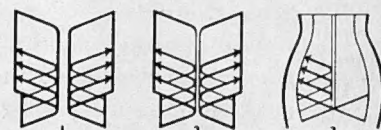
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Aberdeen: floating fish restaurants, south-west of Hong Kong

GOING PLACES ABROAD

Business: Far East

Doone Beal

THE SITUATION: YOU, SIR, WITH A TICKET (EXPENSE ACCOUNT) TO THE Far East; half way round the world, generally in far fewer days than such a prospect merits. Never again will you patronize those who "take in" Vienna, Venice and Rome in a week, as you prepare to juggle with Tokio, Hong Kong and Bangkok, lumped together as the Orient but separated by distances, not to mention differences of civilization, that leave Europe looking like a pocket handkerchief. However, the same problems remain; where to stay, what to see and what to buy in the time left over from the conferences?

Take **Tokio** first. Statistically, it is the largest city in the world. It is also one of the most unwieldy, in every sense of the word. It defies classification. Though it bends over backward to go Western, the traditional inscrutability is there, and an astonishing punctiliousness; a characteristic at its worst if you cross swords with the Customs and Immigration, at its best in the honest efficiency of taxi drivers (who do not expect a tip), hotel and shop people.

Walking along Ginza, one could as easily be in Fifth Avenue. The best buys are lacquer ware, prints, kimonos, cultured pearls (not cheap), miniature cameras, transistor radios and tape recorders. Nobody tries to bargain, nobody over-sells, and if you are short of time you will not be overcharged in the shops belonging to the Imperial or the Ginza Tokyu hotels, or in the excellent arcade of the Nikkatsu building.

Tokio is at its loveliest at night. Illuminated by the fireworks of its flowerlike, flickering neon lights, it has promise of excitement, a great surface glamour. Equally, on the surface at least, it seems to close up early. Benibashi and Hanibashi are two of the few places which are officially open until 2.30 a.m.; for the rest, its night life appears to be *sub rosa*: cards of address for bars and cabarets are pressed into the palm at every other street corner and the lone male would, I fancy, fare well, or else be public-related into one of the late night spots where the hostesses sit on your knee for want of anywhere else to sit.

The pleasures of *sukiyaki* dining, where you sit on the floor clad in a

kimono and borrowed slippers, are a matter of taste. I preferred the *tempura* restaurants where one sits up at a bar and morsels of fried shell fish, hot from the pan, are dropped on to your plate as you eat. One of the best of these is Tenpachi. Of the Western type restaurants, George's is good. As to seeing Tokio, its points of interest—the Meji Shrine, the Diet Building, the Imperial Palace—are all too widely scattered to be explored on foot. The alternatives are a 3½ hour sightseeing trip by coach, costing less than £1 and very efficiently done; or a trip by taxi, preferably with a tame interpreter.

If you have the time, a more rewardingly typical taste of Japan is to be had from **Osaka**, a gay, lantern-lit little metropolis that is infinitely more attractive than Tokio. Near to it are both Nara and Kyoto, in whose temples and gardens of contemplation one begins to get some inkling of the Japanese civilization. You can fly to Osaka in 90 minutes, or go by train (eight hours). The sleepers are superb, and even in the second class there are luxurious tip-back seats to sleep the night commuters. The good hotels are clean, comfortable and beautifully serviced; impeccably accurate on messages; personal telephone calls to Europe get through in 10 minutes (they even traced me among thousands of passengers at the airport). Altogether, one leaves Japan not one whit surprised that they exported over 42 million pounds worth of goods to this country last year.

Hong Kong, a mere semi-colon on the coast of China, is impressive in quite another way; it remains the most important port in South-east Asia, if not in the world. The fact that it could not survive more than 72 hours, if besieged (or so they tell you), seems to have given the British residents a double dose of British confidence. Dressed as for the City, they perambulate the main thoroughfare of Victoria, where the Communist Bank of China faces the equally significant Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, or contemplate each other in alert and benevolent appraisal from their separate tables in the lounge of the Peninsular Hotel. The Peninsular, like the other good hotels (Miramare and the smaller, newer, August Moon) is on the mainland at Kowloon. So are the best restaurants; Marco Polo, Gaddi's and Princess Garden. In search of more local colour than these, walk along Tsimtsui (just behind the Miramare Hotel) where the hanging shop and restaurant signs (Tien Hong Lau is good), almost touch each other across the narrow street. Or cross over to the island (10 minutes by ferry), and try the floating

CONTINUED ON PAGE 496

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THE TATLER 6 SEPTEMBER 1961

RACE WEEK AT YORK



There was an Ascot look to this year's racing at York with a flock of pretty hats on the County Stand. The racing provided a couple of thrilling finishes, notably that of Sovereign Lord carrying the Duke of Norfolk's colours past the post in the Gimcrack Stakes. Here Tudor Period is led around the paddock before the start of the Ebor Handicap. He finished second to Major L. Gardner's Die Hard. Muriel Bowen reports from Yorkshire on page 468. More pictures by Van Hallan overleaf.



The winner Die Hard, leading at the finish of the Ebor Handicap. Right: Miss Lesley Davy & Miss Frances Davy. Bottom right: Mrs. Christopher Mordaunt



Viscount & Viscountess Pollington. Right: The Hon. Lady Fox with Major-Gen. Lord Thurlow



Race week at York *continued*





Lady Malvina Murray. Left: Lady Gillian Pepys. Right: The Duchess of Norfolk



Sir Eric & Lady Ohlson and, between them, Lady Viola Dundas. Right: Die Hard, with Lester Piggott up, led in after winning the Ebor. The horse is owned by Major L. Gardner, trained by Vincent O'Brien





Muriel Bowen in YORKSHIRE

YORKSHIRE HAS ALWAYS BEEN AN EXCLUSIVE sort of place but in the last few years especially its own social season—betwixt Cowes and Scotland—has grown so tremendously that it should not be missed. Centre of the conviviality is York at race time with, grouped round the meeting, a whole series of pleasant county distractions—grouse shooting, hunt and débutante balls and, of course, polo. The country houses are full and the entertaining in them has a vigorous and characteristic Yorkshire flavour. One racegoer speaking from previous experience said to me: “Staying with Sir Richard, Bt., & Lady Sykes at Sledmere is as exciting as a weekend at a royal palace.” But as the “incomer” is subtly made aware, Yorkshire hosts and hostesses set their own standards. For Southerners this individualism is always a tonic. There’s sometimes a good laugh in it too and I’m sure

Yorkshire doesn’t care in the least about my saying so.

York Races provided a couple of thrilling finishes and good-sized fields. Sovereign Lord carried the **Duke of Norfolk’s** colours first past the post in the Gimcrack Stakes, a race that’s a pointer to next year’s Derby. The prize includes the honour of making a speech at the Gimcrack dinner at York in December. As the horse is owned jointly by the Duke and Mr. Winston Guest—he’s an American cousin of Sir Winston Churchill—there is a possibility of two speeches. Some owners dislike this idea but making a speech isn’t what it used to be. The right pill has helped many a Gimcrack winner to his feet on the great day. Nor are there any unhappy consequences. This is one racing occasion in which doping (the Duke made a notable report on it at the beginning of the present racing

season) is politely ignored. The other big race was the Ebor Handicap, brilliantly won by Die Hard for **Major L. Gardner**. The Major intended to celebrate the win with a bottle of old brandy which he’d been hoarding. But the hospitality of his host and hostess, **Sir John Lawson, Bt., & Lady Lawson**, was such that the brandy was never reached. Also joining in the fun were Die Hard’s trainer, **Mr. Vincent O’Brien**, and his pretty Australian wife, and **Major & Mrs. Richard Ker** from Northern Ireland, who were staying with the Lawsons.

The **Princess Royal** was racing each day, so too were **Mrs. L. Brotherton** and her daughter Anne (she’s Britain’s youngest M.F.H. and a keen greyhound race supporter), **Lord & Lady Grimthorpe**, **Lady Cayley** and her twin daughters, **Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Riley-Smith** who had their daughter **Dominie** with them, and also **Capt. &**

Mrs. J. D. Moore. Miss Riley-Smith has just completed her first novel.

Also racing were the **Earl & Countess of Halifax**, **Col. & Mrs. Philip Davies-Cooke**, **Brigadier & Mrs. Anthony Wingfield**, **Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard**, **Sir Kenneth & the Hon. Lady Parkinson**, **Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort**, **Lady Celia Milnes-Coates**, **Mr. Paul Bryan, M.P.**, **Mr. & Mrs. Reg. Hindley**, **Sir Eric Ohlson, Bt.**, & **Lady Ohlson**, **Mr. & Mrs. Robert Hanson** and the **Earl of Feversham** who had to miss most of the racing as he had to go to London to open the Kensington Antiques Fair. Lord Feversham is also chairman of the National Association for Mental Health, to which the Fair's organizers are giving some of their profits.

There was a lot of chic dressing on the County Stand with some outstandingly pretty hats. Three I picked out were worn by **Mrs. Simon Ward** (a single red rose on the brim of a black organdie cartwheel), **Lady Ropner** (a rose pink hat made of layers of tulle) and **Mrs. Andrew Moore** from Ireland whose hat was of primrose and peach petals. So many people who have left York return for the races. **Mr. & Mrs. Jimmy Lane-Fox**, their daughter Jenny (she comes out next year) and his vivacious sister, **Lucy** were all at the Majestic as were many, many more. "We all look on York as the meeting we enjoy most," they told me. Many people would agree. Facilities for the public at race meetings in this country seldom get any praise in this column, but **Major L. Petch**, the Clerk of the Course, runs York with artistic flair. The County Stand is beautifully appointed. There are thick, luxurious carpets and massive arrangements of brilliantly coloured plants. In the restaurants caterers provide excellent fare. All of which makes one wonder why in the South so much of what one gets on the menu at racecourses has to taste like an old shoe. "I believe in the garden party atmosphere and having the food as good as possible," **Major Petch** told me. "That attracts the ladies and when they want to come they make the men come too . . . it's good business." Shortly he hopes to extend the lease on the course to 99 years. Then? More improvements. "My ambition is to get people talking of York as the best racecourse in the country," says **Major Petch**. On present showing he's in a fair way to succeed.

The Yorkshire Area Trials of the Pony Club were also part of York race week. This year 11 teams competed in the One Day Event—dressage, cross-country, and show jumping—held at Ribston Hall, near Wetherby (*pictures on page 470*). The Cleveland Hunt carried off the honours. Sadly, though, there was no programme of polo at Toulston. Play usually takes place for the Durham Light Infantry Cup during York race week, but the match was

played earlier in order to fit in with military arrangements at Catterick. "The change was only for this year—next year, as usual, we plan to have polo during race week," **Mr. Frank Watson**, the honorary secretary told me.

A BALL AND A COMING-OUT

With their vastly increased expenses local hunts are not slow to take advantage of occasions like York race week when a great many visitors are looking for something exciting to do in the evening. The Sinnington Hunt were the organizers of the Ebor Ball, held on the night of the Ebor Handicap at Duncombe Park, the former Feversham home that is now a school. Another much-talked-about dance was that given by **Major & Mrs. Roger Ingham** for their daughter Jane at Bellwood Hall, near Ripon (*pictures on page 472*) on the weekend before the races. About 200 of their friends danced in what was originally a large billiard room which the Inghams have turned into a ballroom. The room décor is soft blue-grey, set off for the occasion by arrangements of vivid-coloured autumn flowers. As this was virtually the first of the Yorkshire dances **Mrs. Ingham** wisely visualized an energetic night followed by a late morning, so a substantial bacon-and-egg breakfast was served in a marquee adjoining the house. This was made cosy with carpets and furniture moved from the house, and another tiny marquee annexe served as a night club complete with a steel band. Before the dance **Major & Mrs. Ingham** gave a dinner party for some of their own friends, their daughter's, and friends of their son Philip, who is at Eton. **Mr. & Mrs. James Dennis** and their daughter **Caroline** were there, also **Mr. & Mrs. Harry Fox**, **Brigadier & Mrs. "Scottie" Scott Cockburn** and their daughter, **Patsy-Ann** (at 14 the youngest guest), **Sir John & Lady Lawson**, and **Mr. Charles Dodsworth** who is Yorkshire's under-Sheriff and who came with his nephew, **Mr. Rupert Stobart**. **Miss Ingham** intends to turn her attentions to secretarial work after her coming out year. Her idea of the ideal job? Secretary in a racing stable. And from what I hear she won't have long to wait.

THE PREMIER & THE GROUSE

In the Dales the conversation kept turning to grouse and the men who shoot them. "The Prime Minister is shooting like a bull," the **Earl of Swinton** told me. Quite an achievement what with the worries of Berlin, the Common Market, etc. Also **Lord Swinton** who is a man of so much achievement in politics and business has the reputation of breeding quite a challenging type of grouse. They're very individualistic, not easy to hit! Others besides the Prime

Minister who have been shooting with him include his grandson, **Mr. Nicholas Cunliffe-Lister**, **Mr. Richard Scrope**, **Capt. R. Nicholson**, and **Mr. R. W. Thompson**. **Lord Bolton** has had some very good days in Wensleydale, the guns including his son, the **Hon. Richard Orde-Powlett**, **Mr. T. R. King**, and **Mr. F. G. Lloyd**. Grouse shooting reports this season are strikingly better from Yorkshire than they are from Perthshire and Aberdeenshire. One explanation is that the thunderstorms that have done such damage to broods in the past have been noticeably absent this year.

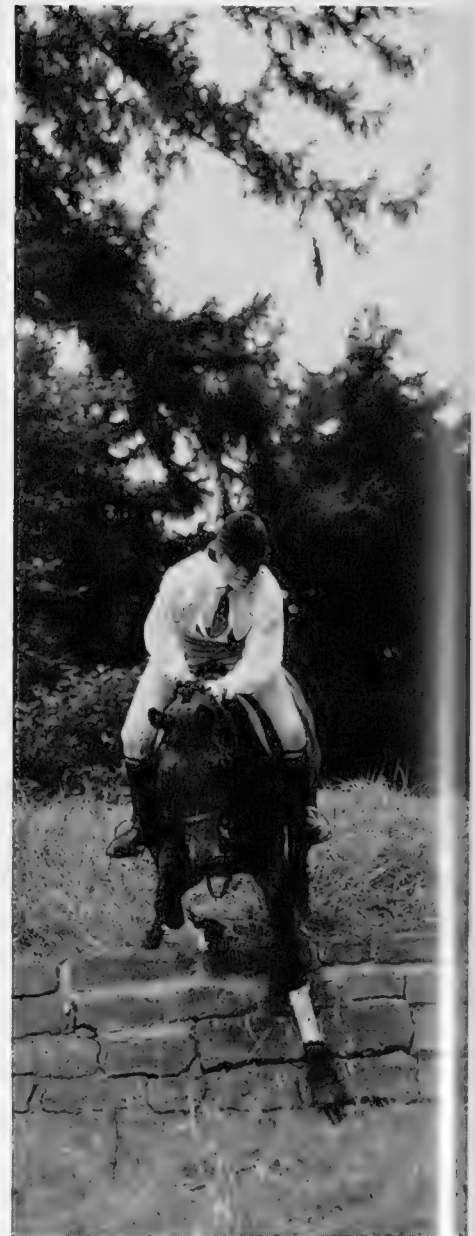
THE GAME FAIR BOOMS

Space has so far prevented my mentioning this year's Game Fair. Held at the **Earl of Bradford's** place, Weston Park in Shropshire, it was a stupendous success. What Badminton is to riding the Game Fair is to the fishing and shooting world. This year's attendance was well over 25,000. One of the strengths of the Fair's incredible growth is the ability of the Country Landowners' Association to find a host in a different part of the country each year. Shooting and fishing seem to have an imposing line-up of Dukes of Beaufort eager to be hosts. There is much to amuse and interest the experts. Most impressive of this year's exhibits were the superbly built and finished butts built by keepers from the estate of **Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, Bt.** They had everything, a solid seat, a ring to hold the dog, and floors that kept the damp from one's feet. They were also very artistic. Only pity was that they were poorly sited so that not only the grouse missed seeing them, but most of the public as well.

The clay pigeon shoot with the traps providing driven partridges and pheasants, and also grouse, was the big draw for the gallery. The various stands covered a world of their own. A shop in Gunmakers Row was giving free reports of guns handed in for inspection and the stand of the newly-founded Game Research Association of which **Lord Porchester** is the leading light had a constant flow of people being dealt with by its administrative secretary, **Col. B. W. de Courcy-Ireland** (he was one of 150 applicants for the post). The Association, which is concerned with research into game cropping as an integral part of farming, has now got four scientists at work. The Fair was a triumph of organization for **Brigadier A. L. Matthews**, the chairman. "Of course we were able to call on a great lot of experts to advise us, but the real work such as blasting out the lake for the fishing has kept us busy since October," he told me. Indeed the first committee meeting in connection with next year's Fair, when the **Marquess of Bath** will be the host at Longleat, Wilts, has already taken place.



Left: Miss Jane Stringer of the Middleton team on Sharon. In the background: Ribston Hall. Below: Miss Linda Barker of the winning Cleveland Hunt team on Hi-Fidelity



The Riders of Wetherby



Miss Rosemary Machin, daughter of the secretary of the Trials, put out the rosettes



Above: Mrs. John Dent with her son Charles

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN

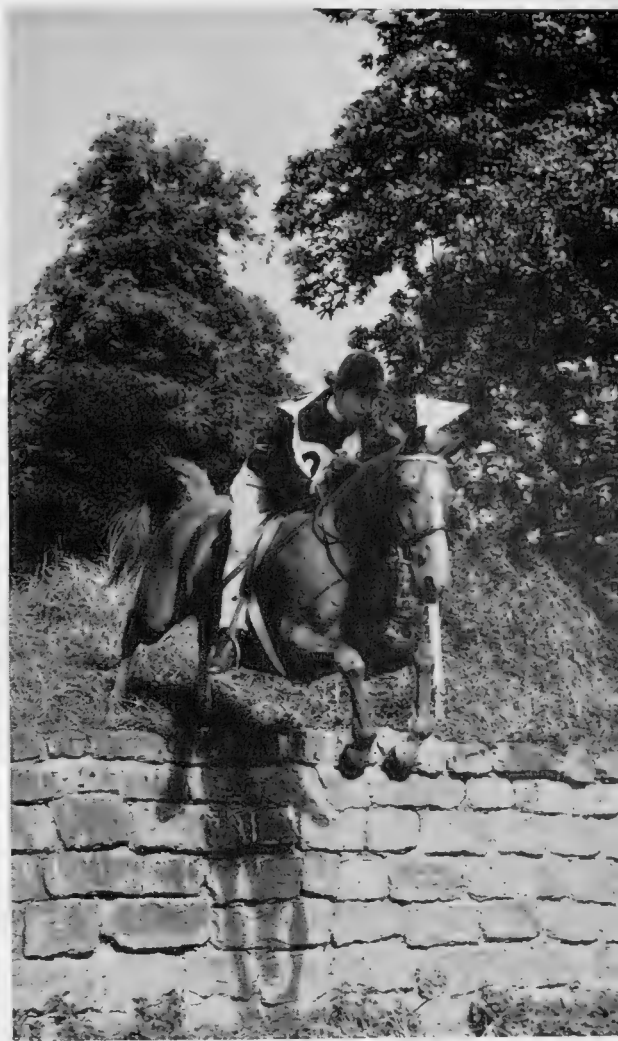
Below: Mrs. Geoffrey Dent, wife of the owner of Ribston Hall, presenting the best prize (members) to Richard Oddie of the Rockwood Harriers



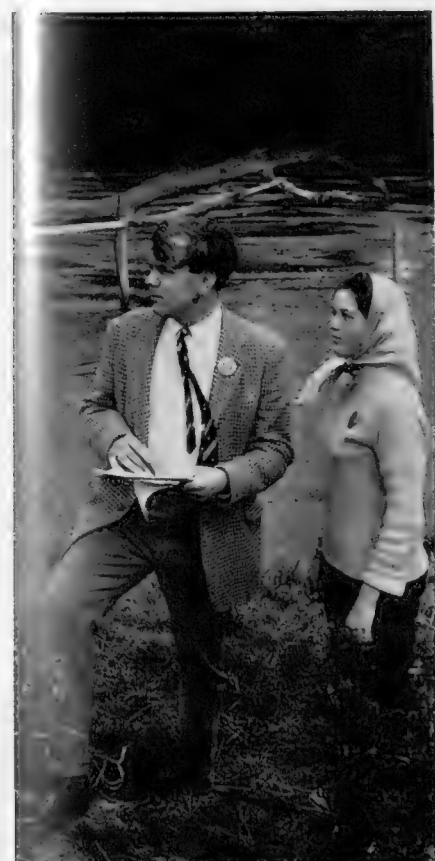
Below: Miss Pamela Harrison of the Bramham Moor Hunt team on Cottage Sonnet in the cross-country event



Below: Miss Elizabeth Brown of the Cleveland Hunt team on Cindy in the cross-country event



20 young competitors representing 13 hunts turned out for the Pony Club area horse trials held this year at Ribston Hall near Wetherby



Below: Mrs. Michael Naish, wife of the hon. organizer, and Mr. Geoffrey Dent, owner of Ribston Hall. Left: Miss E. Sarah Naish and Mr. John R. Calvert judged the water jump. Right: Mrs. Diana Gillam, Master of the York & Ainsty North Foxhounds



Brig. G. S. Brunskill, starter of the cross-country event, and Mr. P. Whitfield, the time-keeping judge





Debutante dance at Ripon

*Major and Mrs. Roger Ingham
gave a coming-out dance for their
daughter Jane at their Yorkshire
home, Bellwood Hall*



Above: the host and
hostess, Major &
Mrs. Roger Ingham,
Left: Miss Darry
Balden, and Miss
Susan Atkins with
Miss Jane Ingham

*Mrs. C. D. Leyland
 with Brig. & Mrs. J.
 Scott Cockburn, and
 Patsy-Ann Scott
 Cockburn. Far right:
 Mrs. Robin Barrett &
 Mr. Gerald Turton*



*Miss Deborah
 Jowitt & Lt.-
 Gen. Sir Colin
 Barber. Centre:
 Miss Veronica
 Staveley & Mr.
 Julian Faw-
 cett. Far left:
 Philip Ingham,
 son of the house,
 treats the dance
 floor with wax*



*Left: Sir John &
 Lady Lawson with
 Major-Gen. Lord
 Thurlow. Right:
 Mrs. David Aykroyd
 & Mr. Oliver Worsley*



*Mr. Richard Strong
 with Mr. & Mrs. John
 Ropner*

Pamela (11), daughter of Mrs. Mark Culme-Seymour of Chelsea, and **Vicki** (also 11), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Michael Richardson from Sussex

While the sun shines parents can relax and leave the juniors to get on with a seaside holiday on traditional lines. Betty Swaebe took advantage of the weather to photograph



Children at Bembridge



Miranda, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Bellville, and **Julia**, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. S. C. Selwyn of Bembridge



Caroline (5) and **David** (2), children of Mr. & Mrs. Peter Harding of Banstead, Surrey



Dorian (9), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Greenly and granddaughter of Sir Kenneth Gibson, Bt.



Richard (3), son of Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth McAlpine, and Rupert (also 3), son of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Lea of Duxford, Cambs



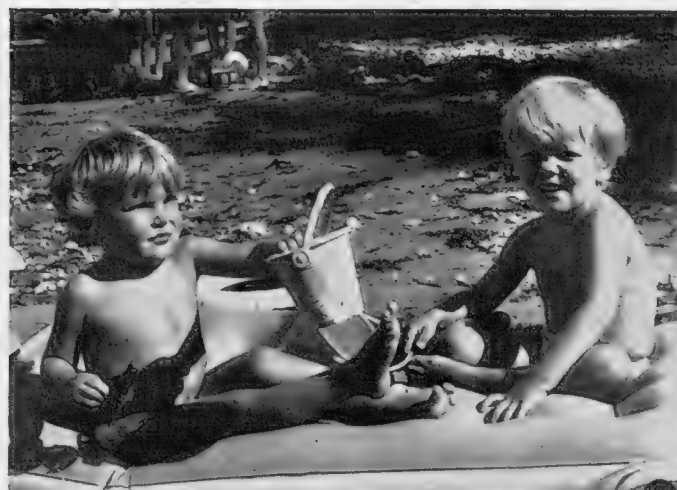
Mrs. John Profumo with her sons David Profumo and Mark Havelock-Allan



Miss Tricia Heinemann with Natalie, daughter of Major N. S. P. Whitefoord, and Colin, son of Mr. Joseph and the Hon. Mrs. Rank



The Hon. David Hicks-Beach (6), son of Earl St. Aldwyn



Prince Konrad (2) and Prince Rudolf (3), sons of Prince & Princess Rupert zu Löwenstein, and (left) Lady Northbrook with her son the Hon. Francis Baring (7) and her daughters, the Hon. Laura (9) and the Hon. Alexandra (4)

LORD KILBRACKEN

I'm strong-minded about TV

UNTIL I MOVED TO LONDON THIS SPRING, I HAD TO MAKE A ROUND trip of over ten miles if I wanted to watch TV. I haven't yet installed "the electrics" at Killegar, so I didn't even have a conflict of principles as to whether I should buy a set. (The Pye people have now brought out a portable transistorized model that works off internal batteries, but it costs £117 and, in any case, isn't on sale in Ireland yet.) If I wanted to watch *Tonight* or the Boat Race, it meant a trip to Killeshandra, my local metropolis, which has 10 pubs and at least 12 television sets between its population of about 350. A go-ahead centre! In Tommy Reilly's saloon, or Sylvester's back room, reception of both channels was usually much better than here in London since there are few local devices to cause interference—and, being within seven miles of the border, we are in easy range of the Northern Ireland transmitter.

Also, there's no such thing as a TV licence, though this happy state of affairs will end shortly, when the Republic, it hopes, will start a service of its own. Up till now, we have been happily pirating both channels—even the Dail realized they could hardly charge us for *that*.

However one tends to be selective about viewing when it's a matter of driving ten miles, and I certainly didn't look in for more than an average of an hour or two each week. On most other evenings I went to Jack McGerty's pub in Longfield, which is nearer to me anyway. Jack finally got around to putting in "the electrics" last year, under the high-sounding Rural Electrification Scheme, but he hasn't installed television and I hope he never will. I far prefer the songs of Mick and Jimmy, the music of Joe Grey, the recitations of Red Benny and the talk of everyone. Safe and content at McGerty's I despised those whose lives were dominated by "the idiot box" or "the one-eyed monster" and I inveighed whole-heartedly against its steady destruction—even in Ireland—of conversation and participation.

I still do; but in London, somehow, I found things rather different. Though I resolutely opposed the idea of surrender, I had to admit I was viewing more often than before. In the homes of friends I'd find the instrument of hypnosis switched on when I arrived, and then it is such an effortless escape from thinking, or from being clever or entertaining, to subside into a chair and be anaesthetized. I thus made acquaintance, slowly and fortuitously, with certain previously unknown mysteries. And then I chanced to discover that there was a "television parlour" in the local round the corner—handier, if less convivial, than Tommy's or Sylvester's had been. I found myself going round there for *Panorama* or *Monitor*—and even once for *Emergency Ward 10*,

when I'd seen it the previous week at Kitty's and simply *had* to know if the operation succeeded. (It did, of course.)

But it was the Test series that finally seduced me. Cricket and television are alike in one way: one lives always, with both, in the inexplicable hope, seldom justified, that they will become worth watching *in a few minutes' time*. I don't know how many hours, or days, I have wasted thus on cricket grounds, saying to myself all afternoon that I'll stay for just one more over. (But the six is always hit, the sensational wicket taken, the moment I leave the ground.) So it is with television. Switch the thing on at random, and at once the seduction starts: "It can't get any worse and it might get better." The six is never hit, but hours are wasted waiting for it.

What then, I ask, could be more hopelessly demoralizing than a televised cricket match—and a test at that? You first switch on at noon "just to get the score"—but Benaud, you find, is bowling to Dexter. You have to watch the over—and then one more, and then one more. You move from desk to sofa. And then it's suddenly 1.15, and you may as well wait for the interval. So it goes on all day; and there's tomorrow and tomorrow.

Somewhere around the middle of the third Test, I did a little mental arithmetic. I found I could rent a TV set for forty-five bob a month. This worked out at one-and-six a day, substantially less than the cost of the extra pint of beer I was consuming at the local. It would obviously be an economy to rent one; and was not Mr. Lloyd exhorting us to economize? It was really as simple as that, and the set arrived next day.

I quickly got through the honeymoon period, during which I spent three days, no less, flicking eagerly from channel to channel in naïve expectation. Television, in my opinion, is excellent for two things: sport, and almost any programme in which ordinary—or extraordinary—people may be observed before the camera, reacting unrehearsed to a new external stimulus. (It doesn't matter how many mistakes they make; it's all part of the fun if they stammer, or get lost, or even "freeze".) Apart from an occasional documentary, and perhaps one play a fortnight, almost all the rest, I think, is just a waste of time. An all-too-easy way, often, of wasting it, but a waste all the same.

So I've learnt to be strong-minded. Very. At least, I think I have. I find now, despite the dangerous proximity, that I view just about as much as when I had to drive ten miles for it. Well, perhaps just a *little* more; it's so easy to reach for the switch. And that, by the way, reminds me. Please don't think I'm slipping, but I think I'll just see what's on. . . .

Red wool dress
by Susan Small,
16½ gns.

Take three pretty girls and a convertible; supply a wardrobe of the gayest clothes and an assortment of esoteric camera equipment; add one photographer with an eye for adventure and load them all on a cross-Channel plane. The result: John Cowan's six-page picture sequence



PHOTOGRAPHER IN PARIS





Disenchanted gendarme, rain-caped, not even keen on arresting anybody



Enchanted gendarmes cement Entente near Notre Dame with loan of police bike, off-setting charms of Pucci pants and silk shirt, 14 gns. & 17 gns.

Somebody said there'd be elephants here, but we'll do the shot without them. Is that Les Invalides behind us?



En voiture—Zephyr by Ford—cameras, light meters, the lot

En style—Pucci pants 14 gns., Kennedy sweaters, 8½ & 16½ gns.

En route—by Silver City Airways from Lydd in the rain





Get this one in quick before Maigret moves us off the Champs Elysées. Silk dress by Pucci with green and brown stripes, 35 gns.

En avion—Susie, Beryl and Grace get in some sleep while they can



En France—Pucci shirt, green and black, £7 19s. 6d., matching slacks 10 gns.





La pluie a Paris—let's have a shot of the Faubourg St. Honoré through glass



Je n'ai pas un permit, I keep on telling you it's a photographic assignment



Left: Hold-up on the Champs Elysées, appropriately the Susan Small dress is red, the price 34 gns. Right: Meditation on the Ile de la Cité. He's been there all day and it will take more than a mad photographer to shift him

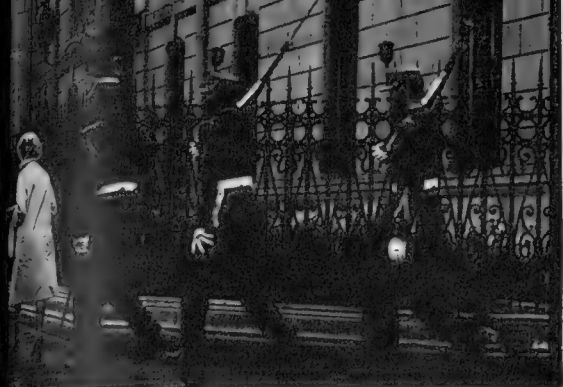


Evocative wooden hut en plein faubourg. Possibly clandestine Paris headquarters of F.L.N.—possibly not. The girl looks interesting—so does the bateau mouche



Le jam session with Jacques Esterel. Pucci suit, 48 gns., angora hood, £3 5s.





Trompe l'oeil at the Elysée Palace—no pursuit is intended. Below: Abduction in the Rue Pierre Charron. Oh well, it was l'heure du cocktail, maybe she needed the rest



Le mood Montmartre—we've got hours yet before the plane

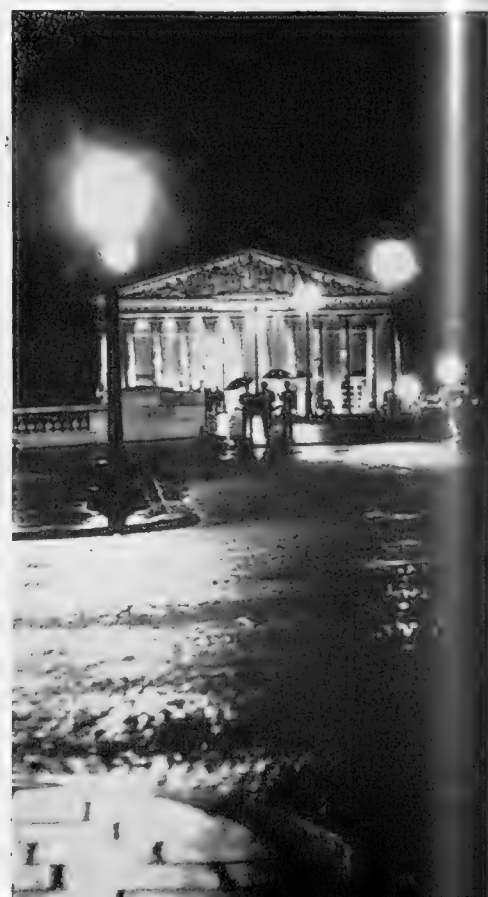
A l'hotel for cocktails in a white marabout stole (7 gns.)

Il fait froid on Seine-side in a Pucci silk jersey bikini, price 14 gns.





Le soir in the Rue de Berri in Paris: Pucci's silk foulard suit, 48 gns., and Jeanne Norell's angora hood with fox fur £38s. Left: Esterel serenade for Frank Usher's white lace "Gala," 37½ gns. All clothes from Woollands, S.W.1, sportswear from their new department designed by John Siddeley. Below: La nuit (and plus) on the Quai D'Orsay taken at 1/30 sec., f 1.8 on Kodak TRI-EX film used for the whole sequence of filming in Paris



ROMAN LINES

THEY RE-ECHO THE FRESH MOOD OF PARIS WITH THE SIGNALS SET AT GREEN FOR WIDER HEMLINES, NATURAL CURVES AND A RETURN TO MORE DISCIPLINED TAILORING. PHOTOGRAPHS ARE BY JOHNNY MONCADA.

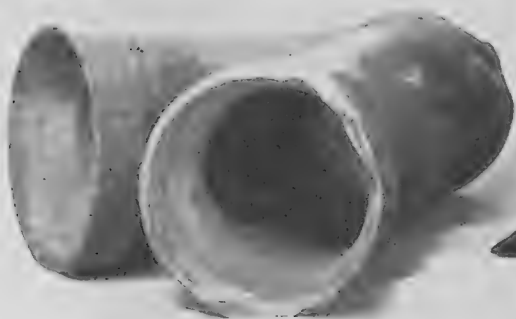
BLACK AND TAN IS USED BY PATRICK DE BARENTZEN FOR HIS COLLARLESS CLOTH COAT, WITH THE ANGULAR LINE OF THE LOW WAIST CONTRADICTED BY CURVED SHOULDERS. MONSIEUR GILLES DESIGNED THE LARGE TURBAN OF SOFT BLACK WOOL



MADAME SIMONETTA'S BLACK
TWEED REDINGOTE WITH WOOL
FRINGING AND WIDENED HEMLINE
IS AN IDEAL STREET DRESS FOR
AUTUMN DAYS IN ROME. THE
BLACK TRILBY IN PEACH-BLOOM
VELOUR IS DESIGNED BY CANESSA



ANTICIPATING PARIS,
SIMONETTA REVERSES HER
CAPE-COAT FROM GREY
AND WHITE CHECK
TWEED TO GREY WOOL.
THE SUIT AND SCARF ARE
IN THE SAME GREY CLOTH.
THE BLACK VELOUR
TRILBY IS BY CANESSA





FABIANI'S BLACK AND WHITE CHECKED SUIT (LEFT) WITH A FLARING HEMLINE AND WIDE ROUNDED SLEEVES. THE HUGE POM-POM BUTTONS ARE COVERED IN BLACK VELVET; THE STRAIGHT BRIMMED HAT IS ALSO BLACK VELVET. FABIANI'S GREAT-COAT OF GREY AND WHITE DIAGONAL TWEED (BELOW) HAS A LOW COLLARLESS NECKLINE, SLOPING SHOULDERS AND A WIDE EASY HEMLINE. THE HAT IS MADE OF MATCHING TWEED, AND FACED WITH THE SAME PALE GREY AS THE SCARF



DE LUCA'S SUIT IN A GREEN AND
WHITE FLECKED TWEED, WITH
SHORT-WAISTED JACKET, SET-IN
SLEEVES AND A SMALL FLAT
COLLAR. THE HAT OF TONING
VELOUR IS DESIGNED BY CANESSA





ROBERTO CAPUCCI IS SHORTLY MOVING TO PARIS, WHERE HE WILL OPEN A SALON. ALWAYS FOND OF FLOATING DRAPERIES, HE SHOWED THIS BLACK CHIFFON COCKTAIL DRESS IN HIS LAST ITALIAN COLLECTION



NEW IDEAS IN STORE

Libertys are showing new Italian designs in white pottery. Graceful, decorative, the range includes cachepots, fruit baskets on slender stems and these three seated birds that can be filled with soup or sauces. White duck, £5 19s. 6d.; hen and cock, £2 19s. 6d. each. All are designed by Elio Baggio of Novi

Woollands have a range of kitchen knives that include a sharp-tipped decorating knife, long-bladed carving knife and a chopper. With stainless steel blades and balanced handles, prices start about 14s., reaching £2. Also glass storage jars with air-tight ground-glass lids and striking labels. A jar can be labelled with anything to order. They are one size only; 12s. 6d.



Peter Jones offers John Francis's new look for everyday articles. Classically inspired black & white prints are photographed, then laminated on to wastepaper bins, umbrella stands, trays and mats. Long heat-resistant coffee tray, 3 gns.; umbrella stand, £5 10s.; wastepaper bin, 3½ gns.

Marshall & Snelgrove stock, for the first time, new designs in bathroom fittings. In the enlarged gift department, they are by Chomette of France; three designs in porcelain. Shown, a pattern of periwinkle blue flowers. Long double towel rail, 70s. (single 61s. 6d.); single tooth-mug stand with mug, 14s. 9d. (double one 30s.); soap dish, 47s. 6d.; toilet brush holder, 46s. 9d.

INTELLIGENCE REPORT

Maples, Tottenham Court Road, have added a new Bathroom Showroom to their ever-increasing store. It is in the basement and on show are six bathroom settings from well-known makers that customers can order. Bathroom fittings also shown include pretty handbasins from France. At one end of the showroom, wallpapers can be selected. Useful too is another new department, for second-hand furniture stocking both modern and reproduction

Heals feature Danish designs in the new Context range. Teak chair with seat and back of saddle-stitched leather, in either black or tan to order, £56. Teak and teak-veneered occasional table with reversible top (black lino shown, teak the other), £16



PRESENTING

by popular request

RAPHAEL & LEONARD

TWO GENTLEMEN HAIRDRESSERS

of this town who have kindly consented to appear here in a grand display of tonsorial talent, prior to their

Grand Gala Opening

for an unlimited season, beginning on September 4th at:
83 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, W.1

ADVANCE BOOKINGS: MAYfair 5757

PROGRAMME—ACT 1

Décor: Louis Quinze chairs, chiffon swathes, Gainsboroughs
Autumn programme: longer hair with sideswept fringes

Spotlighted here is the exclusive two man set-up—Raphael & Leonard handle all the styling so there's a continual high standard. Plus their late-night stands—big premieres will be met with later openings to cope with the rush for immaculate hair for bright lights


ACT 2—FRENCH SEASON

PRESENTING

CARITA

Setting: 44 Sloane Street, S.W.1. Bookings: Belgravia 7791

Décor: ultra-modern salon, marble floored, spacious, full-length mirrors

 The famed CARITA of Paris will stage her all-star opening on September 13 when she will open her salon complete with a Boutique to sell Dior Boutique items—scarves, stockings, hats—exclusive French costume jewellery. Plus Carita beauty products on sale for the first time in England. Plus a host of typically French Boutique things.

Her winter line, called FIRST LADY, was created for the Cardin, Lanvin-Castillo and Michel Goma Collections. By day, ears are half-covered, hair short and feathery. By night, there's a big build-up with the help of a postiche set well forward and hair clear of the forehead. Matching make-up called Eglantine

Good Looks presented on this Special Occasion at Her Majesty's Theatre by

MALLE. ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

Photographic Assistance by the Wizard of the Magic Lantern

MR. BARRY WARNER





VERDICTS

ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

Doctor Faustus. Assembly Hall, Edinburgh. (Paul Daneman, Michael Goodliffe, Robert Atkins, Robert Eddison.)

Rehabilitating the Doctor

INTEREST IN OUR OWN CLASSICS OF ALMOST EVERY PERIOD HAS QUICKENED remarkably in recent years—perhaps because there have been great actors to see in them—and Marlowe has come in for a fair share of attention. I think I must have attended no fewer than five revivals of **Doctor Faustus**, and have come away each time with the impression that it was a thundering bad play kept alive only by the magnificence of its poetry. I cannot be too grateful to Mr. Michael Benthall for showing me how wrong I was. Bringing the Old Vic Company up to the Edinburgh Festival, mounting the piece on the open platform stage of the Assembly Hall, he succeeded in putting the old play into an altogether new light. He made Festival audiences sitting on three sides of the platform jutting out on three levels realize that splendour of costume must have played almost as great a part as splendour of language in the Elizabethans' enjoyment of these masterpieces.

The modern difficulty with *Faustus* is that the learned scholar who sells his soul to the devil with such confident assurance for wildly perverse and sensual pleasure makes such petty use of his dearly-bought privileges. He conjures up a couple of ghosts for the diversion of an emperor, makes a fool of a courtier who has annoyed him by causing horns to grow out of his head, and by doing a few conjuring tricks disturbs a reception by the Pope of some honoured guests. The triviality of these offences against the light causes the play, which has begun so impressively with the signing of the pact with Mephistophilis and is to end even more impressively with the great outburst of despair as Faust, alone on the stage, contemplates the relentless speed of the flying horses, to sag unmanageably. Only the passionate invocation to Helen gives the middle reaches of the play a temporary lift. This capital difficulty is hard—perhaps impossible—to cope with when the play is presented on the ordinary proscenium stage. It seems almost to vanish on the open stage which allows the play to be presented as a brilliant pageant.

It is, I think, time to say that the pageantry arranged by Mr. Benthall, with the costumes and décor of Mr. Michael Annals, carries us through the drama from first to last with little or no sense of discontinuity. The splendid flame-coloured figure of Mr. Robert Eddison's Lucifer watching, not without anxiety, the effect of the Seven Deadly Sins on Faustus sets the pageantry going, and it is splendidly sustained till it fades on the lonely figure of the rash scholar face to face with the reckoning. It works particularly well in the scene at the Papal court which is usually a total loss. When the scene has been gradually assembled out of processions converging on the stage from all the side gangways it is so impressive in its solemnity that almost any joke would seem tellingly sacrilegious. The final wrecking of all this grandeur by Faustus and Mephistophilis appears a truly devilish outrage. What usually strikes us as puerile in its silliness this time stirs a genuine sense of comedy.

But all Mr. Benthall's pageantry would be worse than useless if it were not firmly threaded with meaning. Mr. Paul Daneman is helped, not hindered, by the splendour of his surroundings to trace the spiritual struggle of a man who is never wholly unaware that though he has given himself up to the powers of evil there are other, perhaps greater powers, which he might yet choose. He often listens to the counsel of the Good Angel and is never so far from repentance that Mephistophilis can ever be quite sure that his plans will not after all miscarry. Mr. Daneman's is a subtle and telling performance, and it is finely reinforced by

the Mephistophilis of Mr. Michael Goodliffe. Mr. Robert Atkins is excellent as the Good Angel's counterpart on earth, and there are some useful performances in minor parts by Mr. David Bird and Mr. Stephen Moore. Mr. Benthall will obviously have considerable difficulty in re-adjusting this production to the stage in the Waterloo Road, but, however that works out, he will have the satisfaction of knowing that in surmounting the challenge of the open auditorium he has genuinely revitalized a masterpiece that had seemed in danger of slow mortification.

ELSPETH GRANT ON FILMS

The Naked Edge. Director Michael Anderson. (Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr, Eric Portman, Diane Cilento, Hermione Gingold.)

Raising The Wind. Director Gerald Thomas. (James Robertson Justice, Leslie Phillips, Jennifer Jayne.)

This half-Hitch didn't hold me

THE SCREENPLAY OF **The Naked Edge** IS BY MR. JOSEPH STEFANO, THE gentleman who perpetrated *Psycho*; the lead-in music to the film is heavily ominous, every chord a threat—and Mr. Martin Boddey, screaming horridly, has a stiletto planted in his tum by an anonymous assassin and drops dead while yet the credit titles run. A warning, previously delivered, that positively "nobody will be admitted to the auditorium during the last 13 minutes" gives me the feeling that I shall probably want to dash out of it by then. I choose a seat by the door, clutch a Dr. Mackenzie's Smelling Bottle in my little hot hand and hope a kindly management has posted St. John Ambulance men in the passage. I have to report that despite all my palpitating preliminary apprehension, I was able to sit through the entire film, including the final 13 fateful minutes, without turning a hair. Mr. Michael Anderson's sporting attempts to out-Hitch Mr. Alfred Hitchcock left me unmoved. Perhaps I wasn't paying enough attention—I have to confess I was steeped in melancholy at the thought that I was seeing Mr. Gary Cooper, a darling man if ever there was one, in his last role.

Memories of his performances long ago—in *The Winning Of Barbara Worth*, playing his first leading role (1926); in *Morocco* with Miss Marlene Dietrich (1930); in Mr. Noël Coward's *Design For Living* with Mr. Fredric March and Miss Miriam Hopkins (1933)—claimed me. How handsome he was then—what an engaging comedian he proved to be in Mr. Frank Capra's *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town* (1936). How inexpressibly sad to watch him now, lined and haggard-eyed, stalking gauntly through the unrewarding part of a middle-aged American businessman bent on money grubbing in London. But enough of this; I mustn't develop into a proper old misery just because dear Mr. Cooper, through no fault of his, reminded me that I, too, am growing a little long in the tooth.

Mr. Ray McNally, a colleague of Mr. Cooper's in a City firm, is on trial at the Old Bailey—accused of murdering Mr. Boddey, their boss, and making off with £60,000 which has mysteriously disappeared. Loudly he protests his innocence but on evidence supplied by Mr. Cooper, an apparently reluctant witness, Mr. McNally is condemned to life imprisonment. Mr. Cooper's wife, Miss Deborah Kerr, is vaguely troubled about the whole thing and Mr. Cooper himself seems a trifle uneasy—especially when Mr. Eric Portman, a somewhat sinister disbarred attorney, asks him how it feels to have helped convict an innocent man. Raffish-looking Mr. Michael Wilding puts in an appearance and after a brief and slightly furtive conversation with him Mr. Cooper brightens; he tells Miss Kerr that he and Mr. Wilding are going into business together in a big way and promises that soon they will be living in the luxury he has always craved. What, asks Miss Kerr nervously, is he going to use for capital. Money, of course. Mr. Cooper has, he says, "made a killing—on the Stock Exchange." The choice of phrase is unfortunate—at least it seems to arouse panicky suspicions in Miss Kerr. Bravely she puts them from her—but they are renewed five years later when a blackmailing letter, long delayed in the post, arrives for her husband.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



GERTI DEUTSCH

The original ballet-with-songs, *The Seven Deadly Sins*, which resulted from the collaboration of playwright Bertolt Brecht & composer Kurt Weill, is being seen in this country for the first time at the Edinburgh Festival. Here the virtuous sisters (Adrienne Corri, who sings, and Anya Linden, who dances) defy the worldly crew of tempters—ballet master Erling Sunde and members of the Western Theatre Ballet



DAVID SIMI

Pyramus & Thisbe are brought up to date at a rehearsal of the American musical *The Fantasticks*, due to open at the Apollo tomorrow night. Director Ward Baker instructs the Wall (named Prentiss), played by Melvyn Hayes, on how to separate the young lovers Luisa & Matt (Stephanie Voss & Peter Gilmore). The musical has been running in Greenwich Village, N.Y., for more than a year



Gary Cooper in his last film, *The Naked Edge*, with Deborah Kerr as his wife and Eric Portman as a rogue man-of-law. Right: In a seedy tenement an embittered wife (Diane Cilento) helps Miss Kerr in her search for a murderer

She and Mr. Cooper are now living expensively in a mansion in Regent's Park (staffed with only a solitary maid who sleeps out)—but Miss Kerr is far from happy. She must get to the bottom of the mystery surrounding her husband's sudden acquisition of wealth. In an effort to do so she visits Mr. McNally's wife, Miss Diane Cilento (giving an excellent hard and bitter performance), and tracks down Mr. Portman—and everything they tell her persuades Miss Kerr that Mr. Cooper is a murderer and a thief. She cannot conceal her feelings from Mr. Cooper—who is pretty cut up that his wife should think so badly of him. He offers to show her the documents relating to the Stock Exchange “killing” that made him rich—but (what do you know?) he somehow can't find them. Miss Kerr's reaction to their non-production irritates Mr. Cooper and he begins to act a little strangely—luring Miss Kerr to the top of Beachy Head, to the very edge of the cliffs, and scaring her into a tearful stupor. She is convinced that her husband intends to murder her—but instead of confiding in her woman friend, the knowing Miss Hermione Gingold, who would surely cope with the situation resourcefully, Miss Kerr takes to drooping about the house at night all by herself, jumping at shadows, watching TV with one eye and the French windows with the other, and wondering, with no sort of confidence, where Mr. Cooper is.

We could tell her—and I could tell *you* who is busy in the bathroom, silently running a boiling-hot bath and lovingly handling that old cut throat razor, but I wouldn't dream of doing so. The climax seemed to me almost laughably contrived—but it may give you the shock of surprise Mr. Anderson obviously hopes it will, so just hold on to your hat and wait for it.

For those who prefer a giggle to a shudder, there is *Raising The Wind*—a slight “carry on” at the London Academy of Music & Arts involving such familiar pranksters as Mr. Leslie Phillips, Mr. Sidney James, Miss Liz Fraser and Mr. Kenneth Williams—and, more surprisingly, the sensitive Mr. Paul Massie. Mr. James Robertson Justice, as a Sir Thomas Beecham-type conductor, booms breezily, and a newcomer to me, Miss Jennifer Jayne, gives a most attractive, easy performance as an aspiring, accident-prone harpist. The dialogue is, on the whole, less corny than usual, the situations reasonably amusing—and Mr. Williams gets top marks for the scene in which, as a conceited amateur conductor, he is given his come-uppance by a highly professional orchestra, the members of which have him tagging along after them with his tongue hanging out as they gallop through the *William Tell* overture at the rate of a hunt.

GERALD LASCELLES ON RECORDS

Slide Rule, by Kai Winding & J. J. Johnson.

The Hawk Blows At Midnight, by Erskine Hawkins.

Speakin' My Piece, by Horace Parlan. *Humph Returns To The Conway Hall*, by Humphrey Lyttelton.

Swingin' Dixie, by Al Hirt.

Early Satch, by Louis Armstrong.

Team work pays off

LISTENING CAREFULLY TO THE CLOSELY-BLENDED TROMBONE TEAM of Kai Winding and Jay Jay Johnson (PMC1138), I was struck by the immaculate way in which they had prepared and performed their pieces. This album is the best I have heard by this amazing pair, who worked together for two years, between 1954 and 1956. Realizing the limitations which they had imposed on their music, they wisely disbanded at the peak of their success, leaving us records of this high calibre as a monument to what must surely be one of the most unusual quintets ever to grace the jazz scene.

Another quintet of considerable interest from the team-work aspect, and a fine swinging group into the bargain, is led by trumpeter Erskine Hawkins (STA3042). Famous in the swing era for his big band that worked regularly in Harlem, Erskine was forced to reduce to a smaller group in 1955, in common with so many other excellent large units in America. The uncomplicated brand of jazz places the first accent on a rocking beat, then on the melodic front line, consisting of trumpet and alto-sax. A more modern approach to quintet jazz comes from a young pianist, Horace Parlan, in *Speakin' my piece* (BN4043). Backed by the Turrentine brothers on trumpet and tenor, he provides some of the most exciting music I have heard in recent releases. The splinter group of the modernists, who claim to play “soul” or “funk,” as opposed to “cool” jazz, may well take a lesson from this uncompromised bunch of youngsters. Each plays in his own style, rather than someone else's, and their combined efforts are far more lucid than many of the carefully rehearsed and arranged presentations by groups of a similar size. I expect to hear great things from Mr. Parlan in the future.

Since Humphrey Lyttelton reduced his band from eight to six men—he would not, I think, like to be described as a sextet—they have been sadly absent from the recording studios. Their comeback, in the recording sense, is *Humph returns to the Conway Hall* (SCX3382). For versatility there can be few bands to equal them; Tony Coe plays three reed instruments, Joe Temperley two, while Humph achieves the

impossible by doubling trumpet and clarinet! You will appreciate that they do not emulate the musical clowns by playing two instruments simultaneously, but the big noise which results from their efforts sometimes makes me wonder just who was lurking behind the curtains at the Conway Hall that evening. This is a free-blowing session of great merit, and one which bodes well for England's top mainstream protagonist.

I was reminded by a not very jazz-conscious visitor from New Orleans that Al Hirst is now one of the top names in that former centre of jazz. Just how the standard of publicly performed jazz has dropped off in the southern States can be heard in *Swingin' Dixie* (AFSD5877), which is little more than a schoolboy's impression of Dixieland. Think back to the days of Armstrong and Dodds, recording in Chicago a few years after they had taken the trip north from their home town, and you will see how much things have changed. *Early Satch* (BBE12444) is one of those reminiscing EPs put out by Philips in their consistently good Jazz Gallery series. There is nothing phoney about the quality of the music, nor about the men who play it.



Jason, by Henry Treece. (Bodley Head, 18s.)

Ruan, by Bryher. (Collins, 15s.)

Hamlet, Revenge! by Michael Innes. (Penguin, 3s. 6d.)

Making history come alive

BEFORE THE WAR, HISTORICAL NOVELS AS I REMEMBER THEM CONSISTED of *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, *The Three Musketeers*, the great romantic canvases of Margaret Irwin, and an ocean of gadzooks-thou-art-a-likely-wench stuff in which Charles II, Beau Brummell, the Earl of Essex, Napoleon, Henry VIII and Lord Byron swaggered about with not much to choose between them, pinching a great many girls with laughing, madcap eyes and heaving, low-cut bodices. Marguerite Yourcenar, Mary Renault, Robert Graves and Thornton Wilder's adorable *Ides of March* have changed all that. There has now entered a new brand of historical fiction, in which classical heroes and the more sensitive and intelligent of the Roman emperors set down their own memoirs and autobiographies, with a deal of accurate archeological and literary information seen through a strictly post-Freudian contemporary point of view. There is a magic in this sort of thing that is irresistible to anyone bored to death with bus-routes in modern fiction (was it Robert Bolt who said he chose historical themes to get himself away from buses?) and the fun at its best—as in some of Mary Renault's more

startling *tour de force*—can be as persuasive and haunting as some sort of hallucination in broad daylight. Whether the thing itself is simply enormously attractive, or whether an over-insistence on the anti-heroic in theatre and fiction causes its own counter-revolution, it seems to me fairly certain that we are in for an increase in history with a contemporary focus, in novels and in plays.

Costume-fiction, of course, carries on regardless of time and fashions, and heroines with heart-shaped faces and curls that net the sunshine are being pressed regularly to virile chests in a thousand lending libraries. Costumes are generally Regency, Restoration or Elizabethan, but not so that you greatly notice the difference.

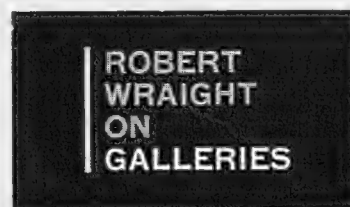
Jason, by Henry Treece is the first post-Renault novel to bear distinct traces of her strange and, it must be said, not altogether benign influence. What in Renault's *The King Must Die* seemed inevitable, compulsive and entirely convincing (partly because of her oddly-hypnotic and idiosyncratic style) seems to me in Treece contrived, souped up and tiresomely over-heated. This is not to say that he doesn't tell Jason's tremendous story (in the fashionable first person) with enough interest—though perhaps not quite enough clarity—to keep me reading briskly till the end of a long book. But still I felt that the crises and climaxes and the darker episodes are balanced on the very edge of the sort of sensationalism one finds in wide colour movies. Maybe this has something to do with the fact that I am now a touch tired of the horrid mysteries of the All-Mother and look forward to not meeting her again for some years; at all events, it is worth reading *Jason*, if only for the spendthrift magnificence of the plot. Mr. Treece allows for no magic in the legend, but that is in the present fashion, too.

Bryher, a mysterious figure from literary Paris of the 20s, is another kind of historical novelist altogether. *Ruan* is an extraordinary and I think peculiarly beautiful book—but pale, like a faint water colour, where Mr. Treece bashes on jolly Presto Paints—about a boy in sixth-century Britain, a generation after the death of Arthur. The book has no distinct plot, but simply starts and stops with the clarity but lack of logical progression of images in a dream. The young hero refuses to become a priest, takes to the sea, escapes an enemy, sails between Cornwall, the Scillies, Wales and Ireland, meets strangers who affect his life strongly. The story is not so much the point: what is important—and inexplicable—is that the writer manages to convey the climate, landscape, light, pattern of life and belief of an age that is not ours. I must take her word for it that it belongs to the sixth century. What is for certain is that this is not fancy-dress fiction but some genuine transference of the imagination: small-scale and not too sturdy, but simple and unmistakably genuine.

And lastly—and especially for anyone packing for a holiday—Michael Innes's *Hamlet, Revenge!* is the classic egghead's blood of the time, containing enchanting Shakespearian-textured scholarship and interpretation with detection at the grandest, mostest houseparty in crime-fiction. I owe grateful thanks for the extreme happiness afforded me by this enchanting, amusing, adorably intellectually snobby book.



John Masters, novelist of India, has just published *The Road Past Mandalay* (Michael Joseph, 21s.), a wartime sequel to his autobiographical *Bugles & A Tiger*. He lives in America and is seen in the dramatic milieu of the Absaroka mountains, Wyoming, where he completed the book.



Situation, New London Gallery

Progress, but whither?

A YEAR AGO AN EXHIBITION CALLED "SITUATION" HAD A *succès de gimmick* at what are now called the RFA Galleries in London. All the 52 paintings shown were abstract and each was 30 or more square feet in area. The show had the appearance of having been hastily flung together by a bunch of amateurs and contained so little of real worth that few people, other than the artists involved in it, can have cared whether or not such a *Situation* ever arose again. However, those few who did care have prevailed and here is a second *Situation*, smaller but with a touch of

much-needed professionalism about its arrangement. There are signs, too, that the artists have progressed during the year, but I would be hard put to define exactly what it is that they have progressed towards.

The thing I remember best about last year's show was its catalogue. It had a black cover with the title *Situation* printed on it in black and it contained an introduction which sought at considerable length to prove that the exhibition had a tenable *raison d'être*. One of the points it tried to make was that a big painting did not demand a big room. The idea that you had to get far enough away from a painting to be able to see it as a whole was debunked. Instead of attempting to create an illusion of depth, ran the argument, the abstract painter has expanded his work vertically and horizontally to the point where it almost envelops the spectator. The jargon-name for this sort of thing is environmental painting.

Unfortunately—or perhaps fortunately—both the RFA and New London galleries are too big for the idea to be put to the test effectively. But I have a strong suspicion that most people, far from wanting to live in the environment created by this sort of painting, would be inclined to get as far away from it as possible. This is certainly true, for me, of Gillian Ayres's 8 ft. by 10 ft. *Islands* 1961, an outsize piece of slapdashery described neatly by the art critic of *The Observer* as an "improvisation of brushed and *tachiste* shapes which has the effect of someone skidding down a hushed aisle and scattering vegetables." Rotten vegetables. In fact, this "gestural painting" (to use the jargon) is already played out. The amount of nonsense written about it is exceeded only by the number of acres of good canvas wasted upon it. Even the artists themselves seem to be realizing that if their paintings are no more than records of their spontaneous actions when faced with blank canvases, then they can hardly expect more than one in a thousand to be of interest to anyone besides themselves. The tendency, then, is away from this sort of painting, and the majority of artists exhibiting in this show employ more formal ways of expressing their nothings. Some spend their days painting straight lines, variously spaced and coloured, upon their canvases. Others—smarter operators—have dispensed with the tiresome chore of applying paint and obtain similar results by using strips of coloured adhesive tapes for the lines. One artist corners the market in carefully painted squares and another develops an obsession for circles. A third specializes in rectangles and a fourth in diagonal crosses. Usually, it must be admitted, they are seen to be craftsmen of sorts and to have a good sense of geometrical design. But, one is bound to ask, so what?

There are hundreds of commercial artists with the same sort of talents working in advertising agencies, designing the eye-teasing packaging, posters and publications with which our society is plagued. The greater parts of these *Situation* paintings are no more significant than the work of commercial artists. The fact that they are blown up to enormous sizes only emphasizes their vacuity. In certain circles they may become fashionable—indeed they have to some extent already—but in 10 years time they will probably be as *passé* as fretwork, as dated as prewar wallpaper. Among these highly two-dimensional painters it is odd to find a solitary sculptor. But then Mr. Anthony Caro is, if we judge him by his work, an extremely odd sculptor. Until recently his work was distinguished by an extraordinary sensuous quality. He had a way of using bronze so that it looked like chewing gum—glutinous and dough-like. Now, suddenly, we find he has become a steel erector, riveting and bolting sheets of steel and steel girders together and calling the results sculpture.

One of these contraptions, now at the New London, reminded me of a chute in a children's playground. Fourteen feet long, it is in two parts separated by only an inch. I was assured that there was a tremendous tension existing in that one inch space, a sort of "sparking-space" between the two masses, but I cannot pretend that the tension conveyed itself to me. I assumed that Mr. Caro intended his monster for outdoor display and was alarmed to learn that, on the contrary, it was meant as a cosy piece for the home. With a Caro in the middle of the room and "environmental" paintings on the walls, the only thing left would be to do a Mr. Darling and join the dog in his kennel.

GOING PLACES ABROAD CONTINUED FROM PAGE 462

fish restaurants at Aberdeen. If you are able to combine business with some kind of vacation, stay at the Repulse Bay hotel on the island. The drive to it, skirting the Peak from Victoria, is most lovely (as indeed is the whole of this deeply indented coast), but it takes a good half hour.

All the big hotels have their own shopping arcades. Though the stuff there is of good quality it is priced for those without either the time or the inclination to argue their way through the downtown shops and markets. Hong Kong is the bargain-basement of all time. You can find transistor radios, &c., cheaper than those in Japan, whether copied, smuggled or straightforwardly imported, it is hard to say. Though one is expected to bargain, beware the dealers who talk terms at the outset, especially where real jewellery is concerned. For serious buys of this kind, the best bet is West Point, a long straggling street on the island, where the Chinese buy and pawn their own gold and jewellery. The hotels are geared to transient visitors' demands and have tailors on call who will make up a man's suit from £15, a dress from £10, complete with material, in 24 hours. They are clever copyists, but don't expect them to reproduce a Paris model stitch for stitch. Rather rely on their glorious materials (better brocades and silks than Japan) and a simple pattern.

And so to **Bangkok**: steamy, slow-moving, intensely exotic, it has the full tropical treatment; canals and dykes full of sage green water among the bright yellow paddy fields, thatched huts built up on stilts at the water's edge, palm trees making an arcade of feather-duster branches. Long, cold drinks, clinking with ice, that condense into little rivulets as you hold them; a way of life divided between the sharply air-conditioned hotels and the blast of heat that hits you as soon as you walk outside. Of all three cities, Bangkok is the only one where air conditioning in your bedroom is really important: though you certainly pay rates for a single bedroom and bath at the Oriental Hotel are from £3 with air conditioning, from £3 without it. But it is the oldest hotel in Bangkok, of great charm and atmosphere. I preferred it to the Erawan, the same price and modern throughout, but not so interesting. Another good hotel, less expensive, is the Princess.

The best shops in which to buy Thai silk—glorious dress material and ties—is just up the road from the Oriental, in Suriwongse Road. And that is about as far as you *can* walk. If you want to investigate Thieves' Market or the gold shops of Yawaraj Road, you must take one of the three-wheeled motor samlors which have now replaced rickshaws. And be prepared to bargain, not only in the markets but also for the transport. They have no meters and prices must be agreed beforehand. Start by offering five 'ties' (57 to £1) and work up from there.

Since there are 300 temples in Bangkok alone, one has time only for the pick. Various travel agents arrange three-hour tours by private car, but if you go it alone remember that the Temple of the Emerald Buddha housed in the Grand Palace and by far the most exotic, can only be visited on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Above all, make the early morning trip by sightseeing boat up the river and through the floating markets, stopping to see the golden-prowed royal barges and the Temple of Dawn.

Food and restaurants are good. One of the most glamorous, for the sake of its view alone, is the Normandie, on the top floor of the Oriental Hotel. You can dine with a floor show at the Ambassador, in the Erawan. Two good Hungarian restaurants are Nick's and Casanova, and Hoi Thien Lao is one of the most famous, among many, of the Chinese and Thai ones.

Getting there: The Polar route, 16-hours' flying time, cuts the southern one by half. Connecting jet flights from Paris with Air France and from Copenhagen with S.A.S. take you to Tokio. Among others, Thai Airlines do the Tokio/Hong Kong/Bangkok circuit, are particularly lavish with champagne and have pretty stewardesses attired in ankle length saris. Tickets are interchangeable with B.O.A.C. for the return flight via Bombay. The round trip, either route, is £732 12s. return, first class, £432 return, economy. Equally you can fly home across the Pacific from Tokio, stopping in San Francisco and New York on B.O.A.C.'s flight, £880 6s. first class, £521 10s. economy, from London back to London.

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DINING IN

Secret of the pot roast

Helen Burke

EVER SINCE THE END OF THE WAR, PEOPLE HAVE HANKERED FOR GRILLED steaks. In time, some have got tired of them and some become even "anti," but there are still too many people chasing too few steaks while there are many more inexpensive, and excellent, cuts to be had. Hind-quarter meat is expensive because, with the exception of leg beef, it is more tender. Forequarter meat is comparatively inexpensive but much more muscular. This costing applies not only to beef but also to lamb, pork and veal, but the forequarters of the last three are tender. The snag, of course, is that the tougher cuts of meat require long, slow cooking, and the sceptics claim that the saving on the so-called cheaper cuts is offset by the cost of fuel. This is not true. The difference between flank beef at, say, 1s. 6d. a pound, and fillet steaks at 12s., cannot possibly be cancelled by expenditure on electricity, gas or even coal.

Other points must be considered, too. Time, for instance. People with automatic ovens and that almost miraculous automatic control on some cooker hotplates are never chained to the kitchen and, also, when the oven is busy on one slow, long-cooking job, other dishes requiring similar slow-cooking can go into it at the same time. For example, if you like Boston baked beans, cook them when you have a rolled brisket in the oven.

I think that the secret of making a magnificent POT ROAST or braised dish is, first, to fry the meat all over to a pleasing brown in either fat or from it or dripping, and then to cook it and its accompanying vegetables in a strong iron casserole in which they fit closely. In this way, the resultant gravy will be rich instead of watery. Dedicated cooks will first wish to marinade the meat. Get a boned and rolled piece of brisket, weighing 2½ to 3 lb. Put it in a basin, add a *bouquet garni* and ½ pint dry wine (red or white) or cider. Leave for several hours or place the meat in the refrigerator until cooking time.

Then drain well and pat dry with absorbent kitchen paper, and brown the meat all over in its own fat or dripping, taking care not to burn the fat. Drain off the fat. Add to the casserole the bones with, if possible, a few extra veal ones, 3 to 4 chopped skinned and deseeded ripe tomatoes, the *bouquet garni* and wine from the marinade, just a little freshly milled pepper and salt, and enough water to cover the meat. Bring to the boil on top of the stove then transfer to the oven, cover and cook for 2 hours at 325 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 2 to 3, or even at a lower temperature (300 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 1 to 2). Or, if preferred, the meat can be gently simmered on the hob for the same time then pour off all the stock (gravy).

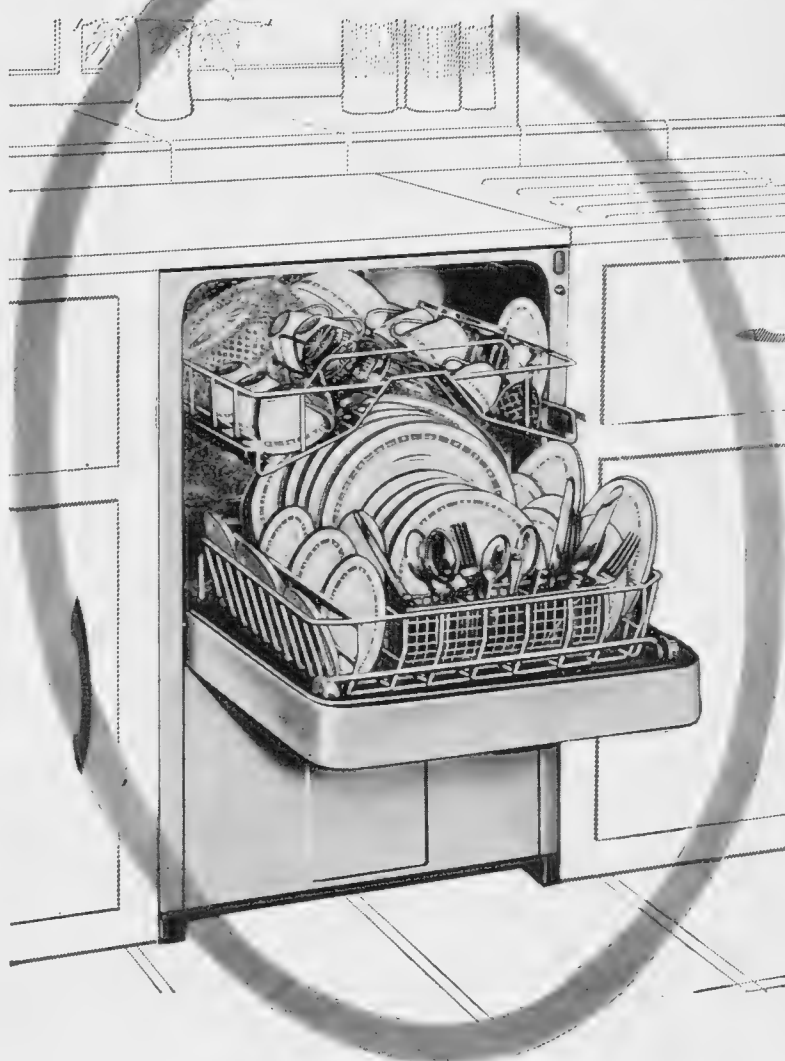
Meanwhile, fry 12 small onions and 12 small carrots in a little butter until a pale gold. Add them to the casserole. After spooning off the fat, return the gravy to the casserole, cover again and cook gently for a further 2 hours. Lift out the meat and leave it to rest in a warm place for 10 minutes. Remove the bones and *bouquet garni*. Strain off and reserve half the gravy. If liked, thicken the remainder by bringing it to the boil and adding a teaspoon of arrowroot blended with a tablespoon of cold water. It will clear at once and be ready. Cut as many slices of the meat as are required and place them, overlapping, in a heated serving-dish. Spoon the thickened gravy over them and surround them with the carrots and onions.

The remaining meat? Cut it, too, into slices and arrange them, again overlapping each other, in a shallow serving-dish. Cover with the reserved gravy and leave to set. This meat is delicious, served cold with any salad you care to have. And both dishes are inexpensive.

The following variation will cost a little more but it is, I think, worth while: Instead of having the brisket boned and rolled, have it boned only (and be sure to get the bones). Spread it out flat, place a layer of well-seasoned, finely minced pork on it, roll up, secure with 2 to 3 metal skewers and 4 to 6 rows of twine and proceed as above.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 502

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MAN'S WORLD

Autumn forecast

David Morton

I DECIDED TO ASK MR. INGRAMS, THE MAN BEHIND THE JOHN MICHAEL shops, to indicate the coming trends in men's clothing for this autumn and winter. He, perhaps more than others, has proved to have his ear pretty close to the ground in the past. The John Michael shops in Bond Street and the King's Road always have something new and interesting to show, and they've won a reputation as trend-setting retailers. Most startling of all, I suppose, are his plans to sell some expensive winter coats, lined and trimmed with fur. Last year he had quite a lot of success with suède coats lined with pony-skin and now he is launching suède coats lined with Persian lamb; these coats will cost about £390. The choice lies between grey and brown suède, lined with matching fur. There will be a black theatre coat, too, lined with black fur and with a fur collar, for about £380. And there will be at least one coat with the courage of its convictions, actually made of fur and not just lined with it.

As one might expect, the trend towards lightweight suits has now gathered too much momentum to slow down in a hurry, and we can expect to see suits only a little heavier than summer weight at John Michael's. This follows the American example, which, backed up by prevalent air-conditioning, encouraged men to stay with almost the same weight of suiting the year round. There may not be as many air-conditioned and centrally-heated offices and houses over here, but at least we have Mr. Ingrams's fur-lined coats to wear over the lightweights. The line is definitely swinging away from the Italian styling towards the

London Look—everything slimmed down, sleeves, trousers, lapels; slightly more waisted, with a small high lapel. Soft, lightweight grey flannel is likely to be a popular material.

For some few months now, John Michael have been selling some elegant shirts in very thin cotton batiste. They are available with or without collars in a fairly thick stripe on white, but the trend in these shirts is towards solid, pale pastel colours—blue, pink and lilac. They have hidden buttons, concealed behind the fly-front that has been promoted by John Michael. Collars are rounded and higher, to be in line with the narrow London Look. Ties, too, will be even narrower, down to two inches wide at the bottom, instead of the present two-and-a-half inches. Raincoats will continue to be made in the lighter cloths, poplin rather than gaberdine; short, jackety car-coats in iridescent and solid colours, with heavy knitted collars and coloured linings. These light car-coats are cut for maximum comfort while driving—and if they're comfortable in a car, they're likely to be comfortable anywhere. Finally, sweaters; the re-emergence of the polo neck, in a wide range of colours. These will sell at about 45s. Made of mercerized cotton or lambswool, Mr. Ingrams feels they are extremely practical under a heavier, V-necked sweater, as they are fairly warm by themselves and not too bulky under another sweater.

That, then, is the news of things to come from John Michael; nothing particularly revolutionary, but revolution is not too frequent in men's clothing. One of the more interesting shows to come is of the clothes designed by Hardy Amies and made by Hepworths—I hope to write about them soon. Meanwhile we have the silk handkerchiefs and squares designed by Hardy Amies. Dark colours and rich patterns in pure silk, handkerchiefs 1 guinea, squares 49s. 6d. Mr. Amies says that white handkerchiefs have no sex appeal—his coloured ones have so much appeal that the one I received has already been lifted by a girl friend.



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DINING IN. CONTINUED FROM PAGE 499

PICKLED PEACHES are delicious with cold bacon and ham or, for that matter, with the hot meats. You can pickle them "from fresh" or take a short cut by using a can of peaches.

Drain the syrup from a No. 2 can into a saucepan. Add half the quantity of cider vinegar and a dessertspoon of pickling spices tied in a bag. Boil together for a few minutes, then add the quartered peaches. Bring to the boil again and simmer for a few minutes.

Lift out the peaches into a large enough jar. Simmer the syrup to reduce it a little, then pour it over the peaches. Having sliced the back bacon as above, garnish it with the drained peaches. The syrup itself will be useful to add to oil and vinegar dressings or to give zest to curries.

ROSES AND ROSE GROWING

Lessons of the big show

G. S. Fletcher

THE ROSE SHOWS ARE NOW ONLY A MEMORY. IN MY SURREY VILLAGE, posters went up announcing the advent of the Big Summer Show, highlight of the village's summer calendar—the winter event being the production of *The Yeomen of the Guard*. At the Big Summer Show, the roses, often of quality, shared the honours with WX size cabbages and turnips like prima donnas; and while the locals exchanged rose information and compliments, the prize band discreetly played the overture to *The Bronze Horse*. All this is fresh in mind.

Now, too, seems a good time to recall the National Rose Society's two-day summer show at Westminster. It was a test of endurance for the exhibitors, as well as the roses, for London was melting in a temperature of over 90 degrees, and the roses were standing up to it remarkably well. It occurs to me that a few notes and impressions may be interesting to those who missed the show. Though many of the new and recent introductions were not to my taste (the general effect as a whole was inclined to be garish), the leading growers were represented by magnificent displays of new roses and the quality of blooms was high. It is by constant attendance at these shows that the amateur grower can acquire a standard—and a rigorous standard is essential if one intends to exhibit. Such shows demonstrate how cleverly experienced rose growers match up their specimen displays, and the care taken to have clean, untarnished foliage. I noticed that the old Hybrid Perpetual *Frau Karl Druschki* (Snow Queen), 1900, was still in evidence, and also the Hybrid Tea *Mrs. Charles Lamplough*. The latter was introduced by McGredy in 1920. Neither of these has been superseded by any later white rose, certainly not for exhibition purposes.

One of the difficulties in criticizing new introductions is that I feel it is rather unfair on the growers. Nevertheless, I unhesitatingly condemn the present tendency towards the evolution of brown, silver and blue roses. These seem to me unjustifiable on any grounds other than novelty or for commercial ends; artistically they are negligible. Taste is a dangerous word to use. I shall simply state my conviction that these introductions would not have been accepted in a discriminating age, any more than the paper flowers hawked by the gipsies.

McGredys were showing some introductions of merit, such as the bright pink *Paddy McGredy* (Gold Medal), and some promising seedlings, and there was the rather charming *Grand Gala* by Wheatcrofts, silver inside and bright dark pink on the outside. Many of the recent red roses attracted attention—red roses invariably do—but here again I am fuddy-duddy enough to fail to see in what way these are a necessary improvement on such varieties as *Christopher Stone*, 1935, or the even older *Covent Garden* of 1919. However, I liked *Moulin Rouge* and, more especially, the dark red purple Hybrid Tea *Prince Damask* by E. B. LeGrice. This is a Prince Charming, certainly, but I hope it will not entirely elbow out the old *Etoile de Hollande*; the two are somewhat similar in appearance and scent. Of the floribundas I award my prize to *Dairy Maid*, a well-named rose with cream and white blooms in clusters, which was also raised by E. B. LeGrice. As fetching as a poke-bonnet, as fresh and fragrant as new-mown hay, it is a distinct acquisition.



The Renault R4—a car women like . . .



. . . the lift-up rear door



Camargue cowboys

MOTORING

Car in the Camargue

Gordon Wilkins

SOUTH OF A LINE DRAWN THROUGH MARSEILLES, ARLES AND MONTPELLIER lies the Camargue—that great wild expanse of marshes and lagoons round the mouth of the Rhône. It is a part of France I had always wanted to visit but only managed to for the first time a few weeks ago when trying out a new French car—the Renault R4—in secret. It's a country of wild birds, black cattle and cowboys, and in the spring the gipsies from all over Europe gather there in their thousands on their annual pilgrimage to Les Saintes Maires de la Mer. As the sun sets the shimmering lines of pinky-white along the edges of the great lagoons begin to break up and suddenly the sky is filled with thousands of flamingoes. Flying in perfect V formations they wheel and turn, then suddenly as though at a single command they all cut off their engines and glide. It is an unforgettable sight.

At night in the floodlit arena of Les Saintes Maries the cowboys compete against each other in tests of horsemanship and the local lads carry on a harmless but highly exciting form of bull-baiting. In the centre is a shallow pool and the prize goes to the youth who can first entice the bull to chase him into it. Once he is in, there are more prizes for those who can lure him out again. This is much more difficult because once in the water the bull seems to enjoy it and is in no hurry to leave. Occasionally someone gets hurt when one of the protective tips comes off the ends of the bull's horns but the casualty is quickly removed and the game goes on.

It is excellent country for riding and also for testing out a new car built to go anywhere and do anything, on roads or across country. The new Renault R4, announced this week, replaces the popular little 4 CV but is an utterly different proposition. Most manufacturers seem to have the idea that women are attracted by sleek, sporty lines in a car and by bright colour schemes but I know that a lot of women, especially those with young children, are much more interested in a car that is easy to get into, simply finished and still big enough to carry weekend shopping, holiday luggage, camping kit, garden tools, outboard motors, folding boats, cooking utensils, and golf clubs, besides a crew of active, restless children.

The R4 has the same 750 c.c. engine as the little 4 CV but it is mounted at the front and drives the front wheels. The car is big and high built, with four big doors and another great lift-up door at the back. It has four seats, all with liberal legroom and headroom for large-sized adults. They consist simply of light pads supported on elastic bands stretched over light tubular frames but they are extraordinarily comfortable and they can be lifted out in a few seconds for picnics or to make more room

for baggage. As an optional extra there is a folding roof that rolls back in about 10 seconds flat to leave the whole top open. It is saloon, station wagon, light van and camping car all in one. With its high ground clearance and its all-independent suspension by torsion bars, it is utterly indifferent to bad roads, in fact it doesn't need roads at all. I took it charging over hummocky grass and over tracks across the marshes where there were pot holes a foot and a half deep which deterred even people on foot. I even took it across dried up river beds littered with boulders, but it still gave a smooth, steady ride.

It has a three-speed gearbox with synchromesh on the top two only, worked by a lever sticking out of the dashboard with a great white knob on it like a tennis ball. The finish is rustic without being repulsive and the equipment does include an excellent heater and de-mister, and a controllable fresh-air intake below the windscreen. Front doors have sliding windows; rear door windows are fixed. No chassis greasing is required and there is no need to worry about the radiator as it is filled with an anti-freeze and anti-corrosion mixture and permanently sealed. The R4, which is the basic model, has no rear quarter windows and no door trim, no steering lock or polished radiator grille. The R4L has rear quarter windows, combined ignition switch and steering lock, radiator grille and hub plates, screenwasher and booster fan for the heater. Right-hand drive models will be available later this year and prices will be announced in time for the London Motor Show.

I think this is a really practical family car that is going to make quite a hit. I drove it for distances of more than 350 miles in the day in difficult mountain country. It cruises happily at about 50 m.p.h. and will touch 60. Its second gear takes it up steep mountain roads at a good, brisk pace and the brakes showed no signs of fading in fast descents from high mountain tops. My main criticism was that in their efforts to damp out bad shocks through the steering over rough and rocky tracks—at which they have been highly successful—the designers have made the steering rather heavy. On some of the first cars I tried, it demanded more muscular effort than the average woman could comfortably exert for long but on some of the later ones there was a considerable improvement.

Driving quite hard, the fuel consumption worked out at 40 m.p.g. There is no fuel gauge but a warning light shows when the level is running low and there is a graduated dip-stick attached to the filler cap.

To give the R4 a really thorough test I went on from the Camargue to the Roman cities of Arles and Nîmes, to the breath-taking Roman Aqueduct at the Pont du Gard and then up to the Corniche de Cévennes and down the Gorges du Tarn, to turn up on the dizzy climb on the precipitous Col du Riese, finishing up at sunset at the point where the road just ends on the edge of a cliff on the edge of the vertiginous Cirque de Navacelles. Here is some of the finest mountain scenery in Europe, with far ranging panoramas of mountain peaks and rushing torrents, yet at the height of the tourist season we several times drove for half an hour on end without seeing another vehicle. Motoring can still be enjoyable if you avoid the obvious tourist routes.

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

Mr. C. J. Royden and Miss D. B. Goodhart

The engagement is announced between Christopher John, son of Sir John Royden, Bt., and Lady Royden, of Netherfield Place, Battle, Sussex, and Diana Bridget, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. J. H. Goodhart, of Keldholme Priory, Kirby Moorside, York.

Flight-Lieutenant C. J. V. Clarke and Miss H. Leader-Williams

The engagement is announced between Flight-Lieutenant Colin Joseph Visger, son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. N. E. H. Clarke, of Seamark House, St. Helen's, Isle of Wight, and Helen, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Leader-Williams, Monkton Wyld, Charmouth, Dorset.

Lieutenant B. N. Wilson, R.N., and Miss E. A. Hardy

The engagement is announced between Barry Nigel, son of Rear-Admiral G. A. M. Wilson, C.B., and Mrs. Wilson, of The Old Manor House, Walton-on-Thames, and Elizabeth Ann, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hardy, of 15 Wildcroft Manor, Putney Heath, S.W.15.

Lieutenant P. H. G. Rogers, R.N., and Miss P. O'Donoghue

The engagement is announced between Patrick, son of Brigadier W. H. G. Rogers, C.B.E., and Mrs. Rogers, of Iden, Egerton, Ashford, Kent, and Patricia, daughter of the late Mr. R. J. O'Donoghue, and of Mrs. O'Donoghue, of Hill House, Abinger Hammer, Surrey.

Dr. J. V. Lake and Miss A. J. Rowntree

The engagement is announced between John Victor, son of Mr. and Mrs. V. G. Lake, of Yew Trees, Ketton, Lincolnshire, and Alexandra Josephine, daughter of Mr. J. S. Rowntree, of Four Acres, Radnage, Buckinghamshire, and Mrs. V. Rowntree, of Glendower, Portland Gardens, Marlow, Buckinghamshire.

Captain F. R. Meyrick and Miss A. B. E. Charlton

The engagement is announced between Captain Frederick Rowland Meyrick, 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars, son of Sir Thomas Meyrick, Bt., of Greenways, Narberth, Pembrokeshire, and the late Lady Meyrick, and Astrid, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Charlton, of Linnels, Hexham, Northumberland.

Dr. R. J. Allwood and Miss K. M. M. Ford

The engagement is announced between Roger James, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Allwood, of Acocks Green, Birmingham, and Kathleen Margaret Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Ford, of The Rowans, Alsager, Cheshire.

Mr. K. R. Bales and Miss S. A. Milton

The engagement is announced between Keith Roddick, son of Mr. and Mrs. Roddick Bales, of Highmead, Hillcrest Park, Exeter, and Sarah Anne, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Milton, of The White House, Ebford, Devon.

Mr. P. A. C. C. Sinker and Miss L. A. Anderson

The engagement is announced between Patrick, son of Capt. and Mrs. L. C. Sinker, of Plantation House, Eastling, Faversham, Kent, and Letitia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Anderson, of Whitewalls, Alexandra Road, Whitstable, Kent.

Mr. R. H. Jackson and Miss E. A. Odell

The engagement is announced between Richard Hugh, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Jackson, of Birch Close Farm, Charlton Marshall, Blandford, Dorset, and Erica Anne Odell, eldest daughter of Mrs. A. C. Kent-Nye, of The Vineries, Burgess Hill, Sussex.

Mr. T. B. M. Darling and Miss C. M. Ellis

The engagement is announced between Terence Brian Moriarty, son of the late Colonel R. R. Darling, of Crevenagh, Omagh, and of Mr. F. M. Cunningham, of Dromara, Northern Ireland, and Carolyn Mary, elder daughter of the late Mr. A. W. Ellis and of Mrs. J. M. Ellis, of Poldeen, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

Captain D. C. Thorne and Miss S. A. Goldsmith

The engagement is announced between David Calthrop, twin son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel R. E. Thorne and Mrs. Thorne, of Malthouse Cottage, Witley, and Suzan Anne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eaton Goldsmith, of Hardwicke, Bury St. Edmunds.

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Lady Rose Bligh to Mr. Thomas Hare. *She* is the daughter of the late Earl of Darnley, and Mrs. N. Cotterell. *He* is the son of Sir Ralph Hare, Bt., of Stow, King's Lynn, and Doreen Lady Hare

HARLIP



Miss Louise York to Mr. John Seymour. *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Christopher York, of Long Marston Manor, York. *He* is the elder son of Lt.-Col. E. R. Seymour, O.B.E., T.D., & Mrs. Seymour, of Roydon, Harlow, Essex

LENARE



Miss Clodagh Greenwood to Mr. Peter Malcolm Bonham Carter. *She* is the daughter of Dr. & Mrs. T. F. Greenwood, of Horncastle, Lincs. *He* is the son of Rear-Adml. & Mrs. C. D. Bonham Carter, of Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1

FAYER



Miss Meriel Colleen Burke to Mr. Theodore Cyril Vance Packman. *She* is the daughter of Sir Aubrey & Lady Burke, of Bovington, Herts. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. C. W. G. Vance Packman, of Hertford

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Beilby—Burnett: Catherine Barbara Jean, daughter of Dr. & Mrs. J. H. Beilby, of Aiskew House, Bedale, Yorks, was married to Timothy Adrian John, son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. M. J. B. Burnett, of Dunsa Manor, East Layton, Richmond, Yorks, at Bedale



Stratford—Degas: Juliet Mary, daughter of Mr. R. Stratford, Q.C., of Fern Hill, Kilmacrenan, Ireland, and Mrs. Roger Wethered of Onslow Square, S.W.7, was married to Robert Brian, son of Mr. R. Degas, of Buenos Aires, & the late Mrs. Degas, at St. Michael's, Chester Square, S.W.1

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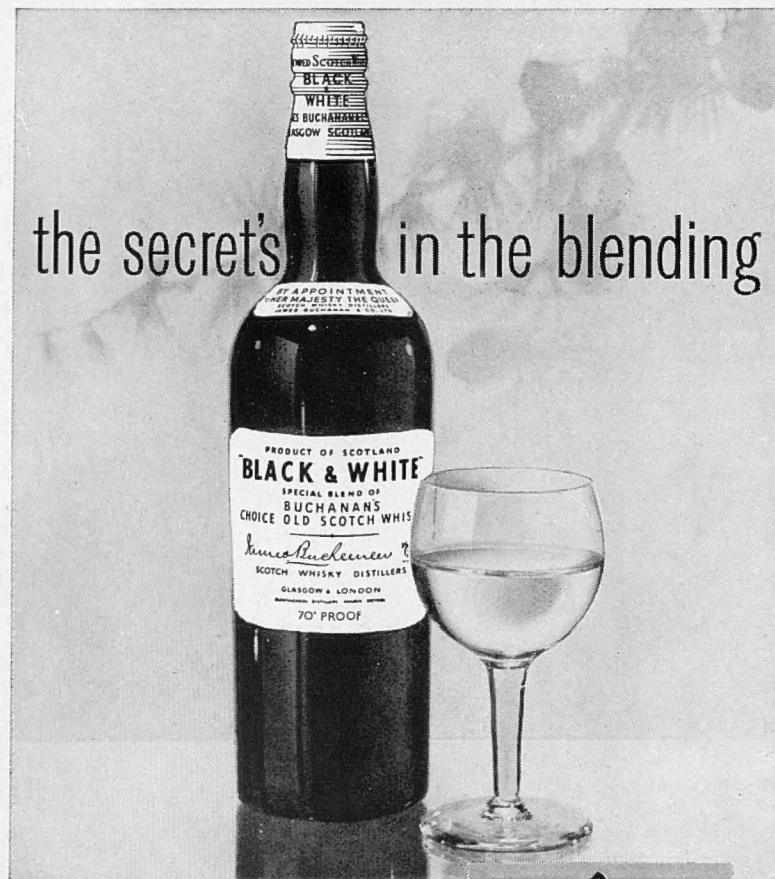
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